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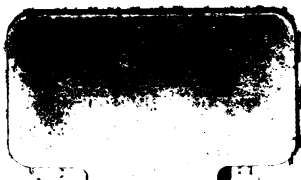
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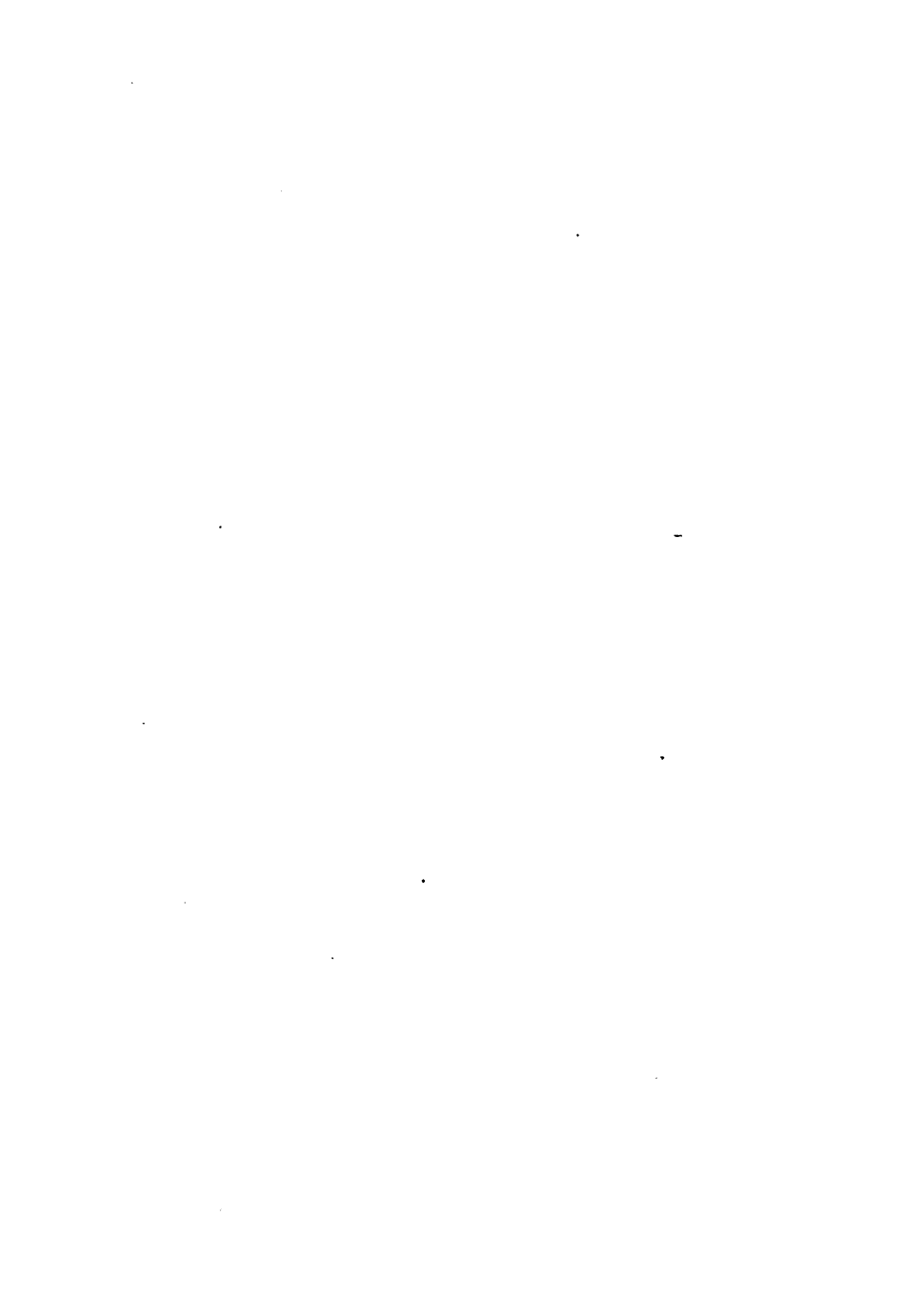
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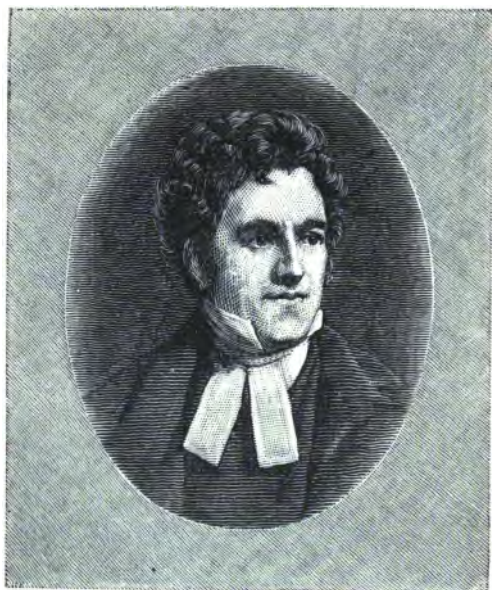
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Dr. Arnold of Rugby.





DR. ARNOLD.

From a Photograph published by Mr. Whitton, Rugby.

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○
" Dr. Arnold of Rugby. "

BY
ROSE E. SELFE.

" This man's entire of heart and soul, discharged
Its love or hate, each unalloyed by each,
On objects worthy either."—ROBERT BROWNING.

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To the Memory

OF

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY,

AUTHOR OF

"THE LIFE OF DR. ARNOLD,"

AND TO

THOMAS HUGHES,

AUTHOR OF

"TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS,"

THIS BRIEF SKETCH OF THEIR MASTER

IS DEDICATED

BY THE WRITER,

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DR. ARNOLD OF RUGBY.



CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

"And through thee I believe
In the noble and great who are gone."

RUGBY CHAPEL.

IN a series of biographies which treats of the "World's Workers," it may for a moment excite some surprise that Dr. Arnold of Rugby should have been chosen as a subject. The life of a great explorer like David Livingstone, or an heroic soldier like General Gordon, would naturally find a place in such a series; their work was that of action, and the value of their self-sacrificing labour for the world's good can be seen at a glance. But work is of different kinds, and it will be the writer's effort to show in the pages of this little book that Dr. Arnold belongs, in truth, to the foremost rank of those of whom the present series treats. *Work while it is called to-day!* This message seems to come to us like a trumpet call as we study the records of the strenuous earnest years of Dr. Arnold's earthly career. A favourite saying with him (quoted from a great

writer), "In this world God only and the angels may be spectators," gives, as it were, the key-note of his life.

The incidents of that life were, no doubt, wanting in outside interest, the field of his work was a great public school ; but on that field it was given to him in large measure to do what, before his election to the Head Mastership of Rugby, it was predicted of him that he would do, *i.e.*, to "change the face of education all through the public schools of England." Surely such a work constitutes a claim upon our interest and admiration. What work can be nobler, more enduring, more important than this, to feed life at its springs, to inspire lofty aims, to awaken to earnest purpose, to train and develop intellectually, morally, and spiritually, the young hearts and minds of those who are to be the men of the future, and on whom so much of England's strength and wisdom and prosperity must depend ? Dr. Arnold was not only a great schoolmaster, it is true,—he was an historian, a reformer in many departments of Church and State ; where superstition and bigotry were to be denounced, where social and moral abuses were to be made public and remedied, his voice was never silent. "I must write, or die ;" this vehement saying of his is characteristic of his intense eagerness and earnestness ; but though his interest in public affairs was far too great to be passed over in silence, yet the work he did for education is the principal

subject of this brief memoir, and to his school life at Rugby we must chiefly confine ourselves.

No very full details of Dr. Arnold's early days have been handed down to us, but enough remains to show that in many important points the child was father to the man. Thomas Arnold was born on the 13th of June, 1795, at West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. His father, who was collector of the Customs at Cowes, died before the boy was six years old, and at the age of eight he was sent from home to school at Warminster, in Wiltshire. But the associations of that early home were tenderly cherished by Dr. Arnold to the last day of his life. He delighted in treasuring up every particular relating to his birth and parentage ; and from the great willow tree in his father's grounds at Slatwoods he transplanted shoots successively to the three homes of his later life—to Laleham, to Rugby, and to Fox How. In July, 1836, he writes to his sister, after a visit to the Isle of Wight :—

“ Slatwoods was deeply interesting : I thought of what Fox How might be to my children forty years hence, and of the growth of the trees in that interval ; but Fox How cannot be to them what Slatwoods is to me,—the only home of my childhood,—while with them Laleham and Rugby will divide their affections ;” and it was this tender memory of and love for his early home, which made him write in 1840 :—

"If my father's place in the Isle of Wight had never passed out of his executors' hands, I doubt whether I ever could have built Fox How, although in all other respects there is no comparison, to my mind, between the Isle of Wight and Westmoreland."

This strong family feeling and loyalty to the past is shown also by the constant love and gratitude which he retained to the last for his aunt, Mrs. Delafield, to whom his mother had entrusted his education in his earliest years. To her he writes, in 1834, on her seventy-seventh birthday :—

"This is your Birthday, on which I have thought of you and loved you for as many years past as I can remember. No 10th of September will ever pass without my thinking of you and loving you."

The Little Tom was one of seven or eight brothers and sisters, and was an object of tender affection to his own family. Some very touching letters have been preserved from his elder brother and sister to the little boy, which illustrate this feeling, and also show how very early were developed many of his tastes and interests. In May, 1800, before Tom is five years old, his brother Matthew writes thus to him from school :—

MY DEAR Tom,—

Having heard from Susanna that you have written her a letter, I think it will be in your power to write to me also, and answer this letter and tell me all the news you can think of. What new books you have, whether you like the great Bible as well as you did, how your garden and the flowers come on, and

a great many more things. . . . You may likewise tell your Aunt that I have got a Calendar of Nature for you one of the small sort and also the British Nepos and I will not forget to bring it home for I think you may like to read some of it and if not to look at the pictures. I suppose when I come home you will be able to play about and go anywhere and we need not fear the dirt then as I hope it will be fine weather and you will be grown so much of a man that if it should be dirty you will not mind it. . . .

This letter, which is signed—

Your truly affectionate brother,

MATTHEW ARNOLD—

shows what were the little fellow's pursuits. Books, the great Bible, the garden, the Calendar of Nature—these are what Thomas Arnold already delights in, as he did all through his life. Another letter from his sister Susanna, which is endorsed "for my *dearest*, DEAREST, DEAREST Tom," and begins "My *sweetest dear* Tom," offers a little map which the writer thinks may perhaps "give him amusement by comparing it to the larger ones." She goes on—

I hope you take care of the Books and letters I left under your care. I must now go and do up my parcel of letters, as I expect Mr. Harris every minute. *Oh ! how delighted* shall I be if he brings one from you to me ; but I will not expect it, for fear I should be *again disappointed*. I fear you will not be able to read either of my notes yourself, but I know your dear Aunt, if you ask her, will read them. Good-bye, my love, till Midsummer. . . . Not one day passes without Fan and my talking of you and all at Slatwoods. I have hardly room now to tell you, my darling Tom, how much I am

Your sincerely attached sister,

SUSAN ARNOLD.

And again the same sister writes :—

MY *darling little* TOM,—

I have long been in expectation of receiving a letter from *you*, but have always been *disappointed*. I, therefore, will not delay writing to you any longer but hope you will now *favour* me with an answer to this, the next time Mr. Harris comes to Salisbury. You cannot think *how much* I long to see you, I hear you are got a *very Idle Boy*. I assure you I promise myself great pleasure at Midsummer in walking with you, and seeing your Garden. Fan is *much delighted* to find you take such *great care* of her Garden. . . . I shall expect to find you *very much* improved, particularly in your *reading*. As I know you are *fond* of kissing, give our DEAREST, DEAREST, DEAREST Mamma and Aunt ten each from Fan and myself. Oh, how I wish I could see and kiss them *myself*, and *you, too*, my *sweet dear* Tom ! I should like to know *very much* if you are as fond of geography as you were last Christmas ; tell *me* when you *honour* us with a letter. Adieu now, my *lovely* Boy. With *sincerely* wishing you *health* and *happiness*,

I remain your truly affectionate and loving sister,

SUE ARNOLD.

I could not forbear transcribing some passages from these letters which lie before me in the faded ink of eighty or ninety years ago, yet living and fresh still in the affection which united the brothers and sisters, and which was so characteristic of Dr. Arnold throughout his life. From other reminiscences we glean facts which show the beginnings in these early years of many of the chief interests and employments of Dr. Arnold's later life, notably his love for history and geography. At three years old he received from his father a present of Smollett's History of England as a reward for the accuracy

with which he had gone through the stories connected with the portraits and pictures of the successive reigns; and at the same age he used to sit at his aunt's table arranging his geographical cards, and recognising by their shape at a glance the different counties of the dissected map of England. The earliest production of his pen that survives is a play, written in a round childish hand before the age of seven. This little tragedy, on "Piercy, Earl of Northumberland," is faultless as to spelling, language, and blank-verse metre, and the arrangement of acts and scenes, but is not otherwise remarkable. Dr. Arnold's love for naval and military affairs dates from his childish days, as he tells us of his games with rival fleets, and of his having been brought up amidst the bustle of soldiers and sailors, and familiar from a child with boats and ships, and the flags of half Europe, which gave him an instinctive acquaintance with geography. The battles of the Homeric heroes were also a favourite sport with him and his companions. A schoolfellow of his at Warminster writes of these games: "Arnold's delight was in preparing for some part of the Siege of Troy; with a stick in his right hand, and the cover of a tin box, or any flat piece of wood, tied upon his left arm, he would come forth to the battle, and from Pope's Homer would pour forth fluently the challenge or the reproach. His whole soul seemed full of the exploits both of Greeks and Trojans, and his memory

amply stored with the poet's verse. Every book he had was easily recognised as his property by helmets and shields, and Hectors and Achilleses, on all the blank leaves ; many of mine had some token of his graphic love of those heroes."

Some of Arnold's letters from this first school have been preserved, and are remarkable as showing the keen interest he already took in his work, and for the criticisms they contain both of ancient and modern books, and both in matter and manner would lead one to the conclusion that they were written by a much older person. The following passage from the pen of the future Head Master, written before he was twelve years old, is interesting :—

WARMINSTER, February, 1807.

The school is certainly the world in miniature, where there are different parties and cabals, and struggles for popularity, the same as in the great world. The interests of the master and scholars are the same as those of the king and people, and it is difficult to please both ; but amidst all the various scenes in which I am engaged, my thoughts revert to that peaceful spot near Cowes, from which I am far distant. But let not that disturb me ; we cannot always be together.

From Warminster he went on to Winchester, at the age of twelve.

The four years which he passed there, amid the "downs and the clear streams and the associations of Alfred's capital, with its tombs of kings and prelates," were always remembered with pleasure and affection ; and when it fell to his own lot to rule

a great public school, he remembered with gratitude the tact in managing boys, and the skill in imparting scholarship, shown respectively by the two successive head masters of Winchester during his stay at the school. Arnold was as a boy, and indeed always, of a shy and retiring disposition ; and up to the time of his leaving Winchester he was stiff and formal in manner, and gave the impression of having been much with older people, and being interested in thoughts and pursuits beyond his years. His letters from Winchester he himself characterised as being "generally more like essays than epistles ;" but they are full of interest in passing events—the war which was at that time thrilling half Europe, the great fire at Drury Lane Theatre, &c. He held strong opinions as to the system of education then prevailing in public schools. The custom that obtained at Winchester, of recitation with action, he thought "uncommonly useless." "For what use can it be of," he writes, "to be able to get up and spout like an Actor? If we were all designed for the Stage, I should think such Lessons very necessary ; but as Gentlemen, I do think the whole totally useless. For the only three sorts of Eloquence in Practice in this Country are those of the Senate, the Law, and the Pulpit. The Pulpit only requires simple reading, and I apprehend that a person will be but little qualified for the Senate or the Law by having learnt at School to spout Milton and Gray, accompanied with

action which is very frequently completely ridiculous. If they would teach their Scholars to read, they would be of some service to them ; as it is my firm Belief that there are not above thirty Fellows in this school that can read, even tolerably. Indeed, I think that this neglect of teaching Boys to read is the Reason that we so often see Clergymen in the Pulpit whose reading would disgrace a Child of seven years old." For this public speaking "before officers, Prebends, the Warden, Fellows, Masters, Tutors, and I don't know who besides," the Winchester boy of eighty years ago thus describes his costume : "I was drest as follows:—Breeches (cords) with their strings tied in my very best manner (bad, I am sure, is the best, you will say), white cotton stockings, clean shoes, my best blue Waistcoat and best Gown, a clean Neckcloth and Band, and hands washed as white as ever *Lydia's* are !"

Another letter gives a graphic description of "a most dreadful siege" sustained by Arnold's dormitory from a number of boys who had risen early "for the Purpose of making a noise and disturbing the sleep of others." This "most memorable Action," which Arnold takes care to tell us took place on "the Anniversary of the Restoration, and the still greater event of the taking of Constantinople," and in which the missiles employed were "Trenchers, Bread, Water, &c.," which "rained in" (at the broken window!) "in a most dreadful shower," could hardly have taken place at

Rugby under Dr. Arnold's own rule ; but he as a school-boy enjoyed the fray immensely, and, indeed, he seems to have been always as happy at Winchester as he "could have been at any school," and from his health of mind and body to have reaped the full benefit of his public-school career, without suffering from the evils which no doubt existed there, as in all other large schools at that time.

So much for Dr. Arnold's boyhood up to his sixteenth year. We may think of him when he left Winchester for Oxford as the kind of boy whom he himself delighted to meet with in after-days at Rugby—"morally thoughtful ;" keenly interested in his work, especially in history, which he read largely at Winchester ; enthusiastic ; an ardent lover of truth ; and without a grain of vanity or conceit. It is strange to those who know the energy and activity of all his later life to read that he was constitutionally indolent, and that early rising was to the end a daily effort to him. But the record of what he accomplished in life, in spite of this tendency, only brings home to one more forcibly the strength of his character and his complete self-mastery. Arnold was nine years at Oxford, an undergraduate for four years at Corpus Christi, and then a Fellow of Oriel till he was twenty-four. These years were most important ones in his life. At Oxford he made friends with men, many of whom afterwards became distinguished in different walks in life ; and to one of Arnold's affectionate

and loyal nature these friendships were of the deepest value. His friends included Coleridge (later Chief Justice); John Keble, author of "The Christian Year;" and Whateley (later Archbishop of Dublin); and with these and others Arnold read and discussed and argued; and his own powers of mind grew in that congenial atmosphere. When the young scholar of Corpus was standing for the Fellowship at Oriel in 1815, Whateley, then himself Fellow of Oriel, said, in speaking of the relative claims of Arnold and another candidate: "H. is the better man at present, but there's this difference between the two—Arnold will grow, and H. won't." His favourite studies were history and philosophy, but poetry now began to have increased attraction for him, and his imaginative faculties were developed, and his strong feeling for natural beauty was strengthened by the loveliness of Oxford and its surroundings. To the last day of his life he cherished a peculiar tenderness for the beautiful city, and looked back fondly to the years when he had made his home within its walls, and to the friends, the studies, and the walks and expeditions of that time. He writes in September, 1819, to an Oxford friend, just after leaving the University, "Poor dear old Oxford! if I live till I am eighty, and were to enjoy all the happiness that the warmest wish could desire, I should never forget, or cease to look back with something of a painful feeling on the years we were together there, and on all the delights

that we have lost ; and I look forward with extreme delight to my intended journey down to the audit in October, when I shall take a long and last farewell of my old haunts, and will, if I possibly can, yet take one more look at Bagley Wood, and the pretty field, and the wild stream that flows down between Bullington and Cowley Marsh, not forgetting even your old friend, the Lower London Road." And again, in November, 1819, to another Oxford friend :—

"In the pictures that I have to form of my future life my friends have always held a part ; . . . and the benefits which I have received from my Oxford friendships have been so invaluable as relating to points of the very highest importance, that it is impossible for me ever to forget them, or to cease to look on them as the greatest blessings I have ever yet enjoyed in life, and for which I have the deepest reason to be most thankful."

All through his life there are similar references to his beloved University to be gleaned from his letters. Thus in February, 1833, to an Oxford friend :—

"I owe you much more than I can well pay, for your influence on my mind and character in early life. The freshness of our Oxford life is continually present with me, and especially of the latter part of it. . . . All that period was working for me constant good." In March, 1835, to a former pupil :—

"I am delighted that you like Oxford, nor am I the least afraid of your liking it too much. . . .

One admires and loves the surpassing beauty of the place and its associations, and forms in it the most valuable and delightful friendships. I hope you will be at Oxford long enough to have one year, at least, of revelling in the stores of the Oxford libraries. I have never lost the benefit of what I enjoyed in this respect." And such brief allusions as the following are interesting:—"I have felt lately that I am not so young as when we skirmished in the Common Room at Oriel, or speared on Shotover." We must not linger over these days, "so happy and so peaceable," when the materials were being stored up for much of his future labours, both in teaching and writing. The friend who perhaps knew him best in his undergraduate days speaks of him as having much of boyish spifits, frolic, and simplicity; in mind he was vigorous, active, clear-sighted, and industrious; in argument, bold, almost to presumption, and vehement; in temper, easily roused to indignation, fired by what he deemed ungenerous or unjust to others, rather than by any sense of personal wrong; in heart, devout and pure, simple, sincere, affectionate, and faithful. The gates of Oxford close behind him, and Thomas Arnold goes forth into the world in which he is to play so prominent and active a part.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE AT LALEHAM.

“And there are some whom a thirst
 Ardent, unquenchable, fires—
 Not with the crowd to be spent,
 Not without aim to go round
 In an eddy of purposeless dust—
 Effort unmeaning and vain.”

RUGBY CHAPEL.

WE have now come to the second stage in Dr. Arnold's life ; he has left school and college behind him, and is entering upon the actual work of his life with fixed aim and purpose. And before proceeding to examine what that work was to be, let us look for a moment at the motives which inspired him, and at the goal which he had set before himself. The deepest motive in the heart of this strong true man seems to have been the idea of duty, of fulfilling the purpose for which God had sent him into the world, of personal devotion and service to a living Master and Friend, our Lord Jesus Christ. The object before him was to advance the *Kingdom of God and His righteousness*. And herein lies the deep value of the record of Dr. Arnold's life for us. Our circumstances may be, and probably are, entirely different from his ; our gifts and talents fewer in number ; our

opportunities far less; but the lesson is the same. To do our daily work simply, earnestly, untiringly, because God has given it to us to do, because our Lord and Master is ever near us to encourage and strengthen us. The secret of Dr. Arnold's greatness simply lies here. No life, however small, but can be made great if inspired by the spirit in which he lived.

And here I should like to say one word on a subject which cannot fail to be of great interest to those who know how deep and strong were Dr. Arnold's religious convictions, and how entirely they coloured and controlled every thought and action of his life. He did not attain to this condition of peace and certainty without having passed, in some measure, through what he himself feelingly describes as the severest of earthly trials—religious doubts and difficulties. These arose from his scrupulous conscience and moral honesty; he did not dare to stifle them, lest he should be wilfully blinding himself to truth. But in this time of trouble he turned to one of his Oxford friends for counsel, who gave him the most helpful advice—not to bewilder himself with reading and argument, but to set himself to practical work in God's field, and to live a holy life. From this time his perplexities disappeared, and his grasp upon the unseen truths only grew stronger as life went on. But the knowledge that this trial of faith was not unknown to him, and of the remedy for such doubts, which proved in his case so effectual, may

help and strengthen other honest doubters. In this connection it is interesting to read in October, 1836, in a letter to a former pupil, "I believe that any man can make himself an Atheist speedily by breaking off his own personal communion with God in Christ. Prayer, and kindly intercourse with the poor, are the two great safeguards of spiritual life—its more than food and raiment."

This early suffering from religious doubt made the story of the Apostle Thomas most dear to Dr. Arnold to the end of his life, and the words spoken by our Lord to His doubting follower were among the last utterances on his lips.

Before he left Oxford, Arnold had decided on his future profession in life, and he was ordained Deacon at Oxford in December, 1818. He was, no doubt, by nature ambitious, and would have rejoiced in the prospect of a wide and commanding sphere of influence. On one occasion, in speaking to a former pupil on the choice of a profession, he said that the three great objects of human ambition to which alone he could look as deserving the name were "to be the Prime Minister of a great kingdom, the governor of a great empire, or the writer of works which should live in every age and in every country." But these lofty aims did not prevent him from throwing himself heart and soul into the sphere of work which seemed to be his lot in life—that of a clergyman in the country, with seven or eight young

men as pupils. In 1819 he settled at Laleham, near Staines, with his mother, aunt, and sister ; and in August, 1820, he married Miss Mary Penrose, the sister of one of his earliest school and college friends. The nine years that followed were a time of exceeding peace and happiness. Dr. Arnold was a man, as we have seen, of strong affections and sympathies, and these were deepened by the closer ties of married life and fatherhood. Such a time of preparation for the more strenuous and troubled years that came after was most precious to him. The principles of education, which were afterwards to be developed in the larger sphere of Rugby, he already put in practice with the limited number of pupils at Laleham. There, as later, he held strongly the view that no pupil must be kept who was exercising a bad influence over his companions. He had his boys as much as possible with him, and made himself as familiar with them as he could, by sharing all their pursuits, bathing, leaping, and other gymnastic exercises, and sometimes sailing or rowing with them, as well as the seven or eight hours which he devoted to his actual teaching. I cannot do better than quote some words from the account given by one of his pupils at Laleham of the life and influence of the place :—

“Everything about me I immediately found to be most real ; it was a place where a newcomer at once felt that a great and earnest work was going forward. Dr. Arnold's great power as a private tutor resided

in this, that he gave such an intense earnestness to life. Every pupil was made to feel that there was a work for him to do—that his happiness, as well as his duty, lay in doing that work well. Hence an indescribable zest was communicated to a young man's feelings about life ; a strange joy came over him on discovering that he had the means of being useful, and thus of being happy ; and a deep respect and ardent attachment sprang up towards him who had taught him thus to value life and his own self, and his work and mission in the world. . . . Thus pupils of the most different natures were keenly stimulated ; none felt that he was left out, or that, because he was not endowed with large powers of mind, there was no sphere open to him in the honourable pursuit of usefulness. This wonderful power of making all his pupils respect themselves, and of awakening in them a consciousness of the duties that God had assigned to them personally, and of the consequent reward each should have of his labours, was one of Arnold's most characteristic features as a trainer of youth. His hold over all his pupils, I know, perfectly astonished me. It was not so much an enthusiastic admiration for his genius, or learning, or eloquence, that stirred within them ; it was a sympathetic thrill, caught from a spirit that was earnestly at work in the world—whose work was healthy, sustained, and constantly carried forward in the fear of God—a

work that was founded on a deep sense of its duty and its value ; and was coupled with such a true humility, such an unaffected simplicity, that others could not help being invigorated by the same feeling and with the belief that they too, in their measure, could go and do likewise."

I have quoted rather largely from this account of the life at Laleham, because it seemed to me to be most characteristic of Dr. Arnold, both then and afterwards ; his sense of the joy and sacredness of work, his humility and simplicity, and his power of inspiring others with his own eagerness and earnestness, were marked features in his mind and character. These words from the same account show us another side of the picture :—

"Who that ever had the happiness of being at Laleham does not remember the lightness and joyousness of heart with which he would romp and play in the garden, or plunge with a boy's delight into the Thames ; or the merry fun with which he would battle with spears with his pupils ? Which of them does not recollect how the Tutor entered into his amusements with scarcely less glee than himself ?"

[Besides his studies and sports with his pupils, Arnold found time for other ministerial work, helping in the parish church and workhouse, and visiting the villagers, thus keeping up that "kindly intercourse with the poor" to which he often referred as an invaluable element in life. After he left Laleham he had not so

much opportunity for this intercourse, but he never lost sight of its importance. In July, 1832, he speaks of the difficulty of keeping up intercourse with God, without "domestic intercourse in a happy marriage, or *intercourse with the poor*, or both of these aids, to foster it ;"—and again, in 1835, to a former pupil : "I am glad that you have made acquaintance with some of the good poor. I quite agree with you that it is most instructive to visit them ; and I think that you are right in what you say of their more lively faith. We hold to earth and earthly things by so many more links of thought, if not of affection, that it is far harder to keep our view of Heaven clear and strong ; when this life is so busy, and therefore so full of reality to us, another life seems by comparison unreal." Again, in writing to a friend, a parish clergyman, in 1837, he says : "You see much hardness perhaps, and much ignorance, but then you see also much softness—if nowhere else, yet amongst the sick ; and you see much affection and self-denial amongst the poor, which are things to refresh the heart."

One more element in Arnold's life at Laleham must not be forgotten. It was here that he began his work as an historian, contributing valuable articles on Roman History to one of the Encyclopædias ; and here also he wrote and prepared for the press the first volume of his published sermons. So passed nine happy, peaceful, and fruitful years. His powers of mind were gradually maturing and gathering their full

force ; his energies were fully employed in his work as a tutor, in his pastoral ministrations, in his history and sermons ; his home-life was full of joy and deepening experiences. As to his years at Oxford, so to this time at Laleham, Arnold ever looked back with affection and gratitude. He loved to revisit the scene of so much happiness, and till he was led to settle on Westmoreland for his quiet resting-place away from the labours of Rugby, he always looked to Laleham as the spot where he would like in time to come to retire from public work, and resume once more the peaceful life of these earlier years. One loves to dwell on the thought of this time, but we must hasten on to the larger sphere and laborious years which awaited him at Rugby. Farewell, sweet Laleham, with its quiet Thames, to which the entire loneliness lent so great a charm, the heath country, the retired garden with field and shrubbery, the bathing and climbing with the pupils, the simplicity and freedom of the whole life and surroundings. The great busy world is before him, and though with some natural regret for the close of a period which he speaks of as having been "as unruffled happiness as I should think could ever be experienced by man," yet he contemplated "the Rugby prospect with very strong interest," and felt even as if "he ought to be sincerely thankful to be called to a scene of harder and more anxious labour."

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW HEAD MASTER.

"Thou wouldst not *alone*
 Be saved, my father ! *alone*
 Conquer and come to thy goal."

RUGBY CHAPEL.

THE circumstances of the election of Dr. Arnold to the Head Mastership of Rugby School were not without special interest. (His friends had frequently urged him to seek some sphere of more extended influence, and also one that would be more lucrative than his present work.) He had long looked upon education as the business of his life, and when the Head Mastership became vacant in August, 1827, he resolved to apply for the post. He did not send in his testimonials till late in the contest, and was not known personally to any of the trustees. There were about thirty candidates; but the high terms in which Mr. Arnold was spoken of in all his testimonials induced the trustees, who had determined to be guided entirely by merit, to elect him at once in December, 1827. One of his Oxford friends, who from knowledge of public and private places of education, and from thorough acquaintance with Arnold at Oriel, was fully competent to speak on the subject, entertained the highest opinion of his

qualifications for the post. This friend, in a letter written at the time of the election, speaks of the excellence of his head and heart, of his principles, conduct, judgment, talents, temper, and industry ; and adds :—" I have seen and heard a good deal of him, and of some of his pupils at Laleham, and I know no one with whom I should be *so anxious to place any young man in whom I was interested*;" and after referring to Arnold's work as a critical scholar and as an historian, he adds :—" And yet with great works in hand, he is, as I mentioned before, the best preceptor and tutor, in my judgment, with whom I am acquainted."

(This high opinion of Arnold, which was shared by all those most competent to judge, was fully justified by his work for fourteen years at Rugby.) The way in which he looked forward to his new life is eminently characteristic. He is hopeful and ardent about it, and feels undisguised pleasure at the prospect of the wide field for his energies which lies before him. The peace and tranquil happiness of Laleham, he feels, ought not to be the portion of his whole life ; that, indeed, as long as strength lasted, he has nothing to do with rest here, but with labour. In the sense of the solemn and almost overwhelming responsibility imposed upon him, he looks to the prayers of his friends, together with his own, for a supply of that true wisdom which is required for such a business ;(and his most sincere desire is to make Rugby a place of

Christian education.) With this high aim before him, with entire confidence in God's help, he bade farewell to his beloved home at Laleham, and set out for Rugby in August, 1828. Among his last written words were these:—"It boots not to look backwards. Forwards, forwards, forwards, should be one's motto."

It was indeed a great and important charge which was committed to his trust, and one that might well make the heart of any man less strong in the sense of God's strengthening presence quail within him. I suppose that for the present generation, even for those best acquainted with public schools as they are now, it is difficult to realise the evils which Dr. Arnold had to face at Rugby in 1828. It is quite beyond my province, and I have neither space nor capacity, to dwell upon them in detail. We can imagine for ourselves some of the consequences of 300 or 400 boys being thrown together in intimate association, at a time of life when the sense of bodily vigour and spirits and of animal passions is strongest within them, and the control of conscience and reason is scarcely felt. By the public-school system, personal supervision by masters was reduced to a minimum; the only standard among the boys was that of public opinion, and that of the traditions and customs which had been handed down from generation to generation. The result was a state of "monstrous licence and misrule." Public schools had come to be spoken of by Christian men as "the very seats and nurseries of vice." Boys who came

pure and innocent from their homes were only too likely to lose all their good principles, and to be led away by the temptations around them. The weak and sensitive among the boys were cowed and oppressed under the cruel bullying which prevailed ; and one of the most difficult elements in the whole system was the strong feeling of opposition which banded the boys together against the masters, as against their natural enemies, their aim seemingly being to do as little work as they could in the school, to evade rules, to baffle the watchfulness of the masters, and if possible to escape their severity.

It may be said that these evils are inherent in the public-school system, and that, to meet them effectually, some other scheme must be adopted—such, for instance, as different schools for boys of different ages, more personal supervision by masters, &c. Dr. Arnold did not share this opinion. He found the school established on this system, and his aim was to “set to work very heartily, and with God’s blessing to try whether his notions of Christian education were really impracticable, whether the system of public schools had not in it some noble elements which, under the blessing of the Spirit of all holiness and wisdom, might produce fruit even to life eternal.” Herein lay his hope for Rugby—that it should be made a “place of Christian education ;” to fulfil the intentions of those “pious founders and benefactors” for whom God was thanked day by day

in the school prayers, and "by whose benefit the whole school was brought up to *godliness* and good learning"! How far the school had wandered from this pious intent Arnold knew too well. Private prayer was a thing unknown in the dormitories when he went to Rugby, and at the University the tone of the young men who came up from public schools was universally irreligious. A religious undergraduate was very rare, very much laughed at when he appeared—hardly to be found, indeed, among public-school men, except in cases where private and domestic training or good dispositions had prevailed over the school habits and tendencies. If any man was fitted to cope with these difficulties, to overcome them to a large extent, and to lead the way in the up-hill path of reforming the public schools of England, it was the man who was now appointed Head Master of Rugby. Surely he, if any one, possessed what he himself looked upon as the three great requisites in a schoolmaster—the *Spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind*. Delighting in tuition for its own sake; from his own freshness and vigour of mind and body being full of sympathy with the youthful spirits and joyousness of his boys; his strength and honesty of purpose, his indifference to public opinion, his abhorrence of evil and love of good—all marked him out as the man, of all others, who might hope to accomplish this difficult task. His hope was not so much through his work in the

school to form Christian boys, as Christian men. He felt that from the imperfect state of boyhood, a less high standard of morals has to be tolerated among boys, as God seems to have suffered it to exist in the childhood of the human race. But to shorten this necessary period of imperfection was more and more his aim as the years went on; to inspire high principles, and awaken conscience in his boys, without prematurely forcing them into manhood, was the problem he set before himself.

We have now come to the third act of the life we are considering. Boyhood and early youth are past, and past, too, the nine quiet years when he was, as it were, preparing for the main work of his life.

In June, 1828, he was ordained Priest (having been up to this time only in Deacon's Orders), and in August, of the same year, at the age of thirty-five, with his beloved wife and young children, he settled into the new home, which, though it was lacking in the picturesque beauty and historic interest of Oxford, and in the natural loveliness of the country round Laleham, yet became endeared to him as the scene of much home happiness, and of work of absorbing interest. He often alludes to it in later days with affection, speaking of "our dear Rugby home, and the long line of our battlements, and our well-known towers, backed by the huge elms of the school field, which far overtopped them, and the deep shade

which those same elms with their advanced guard of smaller trees threw over the turf of our quiet garden." And again, later : "I should be very false, and very ungrateful too, if I did not acknowledge that Rugby was a very dear home, with so much of work and yet so much of quiet as my wife and I enjoy every day when we go out with her pony into the quiet lanes." And once more, in 1835 :—

"I cannot tell you how I enjoyed our fortnight at Rugby before the school opened. It quite reminded me of Oxford, when M—— and I used to sit out in the garden under the enormous elms of the school field, which almost overhang the house, and saw the line of our battlemented roofs and the pinnacles and cross of our chapel cutting the unclouded sky."

In person, as well as in character, Dr. Arnold was specially gifted with those qualities which fit a man to take the command of a great school. He was tall and vigorous, capable of going long distances and bearing much fatigue ; his bodily recreations were walking and bathing, and those gymnastic exercises which he had shared with his pupils at Laleham, and which he did not discontinue after his removal to Rugby. His physical vigour and activity gave him real sympathy with the games and athletic exercises of his boys, and he laid great stress on such sports as being essential to a boy's true development. Those who knew him, and worked under him, speak of his

vigorous step, his deep ringing, searching voice, his kindling eye, the awful frown which marked his displeasure at wrong-doing, and which struck terror to the heart of boys who knew they had been in fault. His personality, indeed, at first inspired fear, and even dislike among the younger boys, who knew little of him ; but as they rose in the school, and began to attract more of his attention, this feeling gradually changed into reverential affection ; and among many of his own sixth-form boys, the thirty boys who constituted the highest form in the school, and were taught by himself, the feeling came to be one of such entire devotion that they felt they would gladly have laid down their lives for him.

CHAPTER IV.

SCHOOL-LIFE AT RUGBY.

“O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now ? For that force
Surely has not been left vain !
Somewhere, surely, afar
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being is practised that strength
Zealous, beneficent, firm.”

RUGBY CHAPEL.

THE strong personal influence of Dr. Arnold throughout the school, of which I spoke in my last chapter, was not, of course, a thing of sudden growth ; but very

soon after his taking up the reins at Rugby the boys came to feel that they had a strong wise man over them, one who would put down abuses with a firm hand, and whose law there was no disputing or evading. We have seen something of the spirit in which Dr. Arnold anticipated his new work. He had no intention of arbitrarily altering the public-school system at Rugby, but hoped to discover the noble elements in that system, and by God's help to introduce a religious principle into education. This was his most earnest wish, and he prayed God that it might be his constant labour and prayer. If he succeeded, he said it would be a happiness so great that he thought the world could yield him nothing comparable to it. To do it, however imperfectly, he felt would far more than repay twenty years of labour and anxiety. He had no thought of "reforming furiously;" like his Master, he came *not to destroy, but to fulfil*, to carry out as far as might be the religious intent of the founders. To him, more than to most men, this task would be a congenial one. It was one of the peculiarities of his religious life, and one which we must keep clearly before us if we want to have a true conception of his whole character, that he realised so intensely the union of the two worlds; the unseen and spiritual was to him as real and near as the visible and temporal. The thought of God and of the Divine Life was habitually with him; every action in the world around him was of consequence only in

connection with the unseen world. The daily ordinary duties were done as in God's sight ; natural beauty and goodness spoke to him always of the Unseen Creator. Sin and evil were loathed and abhorred by him as being hateful to God. Hence there was to him less distinction than to most men between things *secular* and *spiritual*. The ordinary work in school, even the innocent sports and amusements of the boys, were as much a part of their Christian calling for the time being, as the services in chapel, or the more direct Scripture teaching in school. One of the boys, who has given us in later life the most vivid picture of what Rugby was in Dr. Arnold's time, writes thus about this peculiarity of his system :—

“ He certainly did teach us—thank God for it!—that we could not cut our life into slices and say, ‘In this slice your actions are indifferent, and you needn't trouble your heads about them one way or another ; but in this slice mind what you are about, for they are important’—a pretty muddle we should have been in had he done so. He taught us that in this wonderful world no boy or man can tell which of his actions is indifferent and which not ; that by a thoughtless word or look we may lead astray a brother for whom Christ died. He taught us that life is a whole made up of actions and thoughts and longings, great and small, noble and ignoble ; therefore the only true wisdom for boy or man is to bring the whole life into obedience to Him whose

world we live in, and who has purchased us with His blood ; and that, whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, we are to do all in His name and to His glory."

Life is a whole, and that whole must be brought into obedience to Christ—this is the essence of Dr. Arnold's teaching to his Rugby boys. Can any man or woman to whom is committed the education and training of the young build on a nobler, surer foundation than this? This principle, if really acted on, brings home to us the infinite importance, not only of this or that act or word, but of every single moment of our lives. Nothing is *secular*, in the sense of only referring to this passing age. Everything is *spiritual*, and has some direct consequences in the unseen world.

I am very far from saying that the boys at Rugby realised that this was the root of Dr. Arnold's teaching—some few may have had glimpses of it during their school career, many only saw it after they had left Rugby and began to apply the principles learnt from their revered master to their life in the world, the majority perhaps never realised it at all ; but it was *the leaven which leavened the whole lump*, the guiding principle which underlay all Dr. Arnold's work at Rugby.

Some details of the system which he pursued must be given before a complete picture of the school-life can be obtained. First, as to the discipline

of the school. (He did not, as I said before, make any change in the system of liberty which prevailed; there was no more supervision by masters than before. He laid great stress upon the importance of having high-principled Christian gentlemen as his colleagues—men who would cordially co-operate with his work in the school—men of vigour and liveliness of spirit, and of ability and scholarship sufficient to win the respect of the cleverest boys.) But, having done his best to secure such assistant masters, he still felt that the tone of the school would not depend upon them, but upon the more influential among the boys themselves.) He was keenly alive to the tyranny of public opinion throughout the school, and his aim was that the leaders of this opinion should be boys of right principle and moral strength. To attain this end he made much larger use of the power of expelling boys than had formerly been the custom, or than found favour with parents or the outside world. When I speak of “expelling,” I do not mean that solemn and public expulsion which was only used in cases of grave moral offences. I simply mean that Dr. Arnold would never permit a boy to remain at Rugby who by confirmed idleness, or by low or weak principle, had shown that he was unfitted for the temptations of a public school, was either being himself led away, or was exercising a bad influence over his companions. I suppose there would be

many boys to be found of this stamp in every public school, some with no harm in them, but who, from thoughtlessness and idleness, and the overflow of vigorous spirits, as they went up in the school, and gained more influence over younger boys, would be likely to do harm. Others there were, more grown and developed in body than in mind; and these also had to go if their size and strength were disproportionate to their position in the school.

Besides this principle of removing undesirable elements from the school society, which Dr. Arnold acted upon largely, he laid great stress upon the influence of the sixth-form boys, who besides being presumably the eldest, strongest, and cleverest of the boys, were those immediately under his eye and in daily communication with him. He looked to them as the medium of intercourse with all the rest of the school, and through them he trusted to make his influence largely felt. To these "præpostors," as they were called, were committed grave responsibilities; they had a share in the discipline of the school, even to inflicting severe corporal punishment in gross cases of bullying or infraction of rules which did not come to the Head Master's knowledge. He felt, and made them feel, the enormous influence for good or for evil which they had over those below them—the great opportunities of doing good which were offered them at Rugby; good, too, of lasting benefit to themselves and others. He called upon

them to pray earnestly to God that their exertions might be blessed with success, and that many might be turned from evil to good. He trusted them so completely that when they were acting up to their responsibilities he felt there was no post in England for which he would exchange his work at Rugby—"but," he adds, "if the Sixth do not support me I must go."

There was one other point in the discipline of the school about which a word should be said, *i.e.*, the diminution of corporal punishment under Dr. Arnold's rule. He was personally averse to inflicting it. He believed that boys might be governed a great deal by gentle methods and kindness, and by appealing to their better feelings, so long as the master showed that he was not afraid of them. Of course, he reserved flogging as a last resort, but only in the lower part of the school and for moral offences—lying, drinking, and habitual idleness; and, as I said before, he authorised the præpostors to have recourse to it at times, *e.g.*, in gross cases of bullying, for which he has been known to recommend "a good sound thrashing before the whole house." This was in a case where, if the Doctor had personally taken notice of it, he must have publicly expelled the boy. This he was unwilling to do, as he thought there was some good in him, and his opinion was that severe physical pain was the only way to deal with such a case. The wisdom of this decision was shown by the fact that, years after, that

boy sought out the præpostor who had administered the thrashing "and thanked him, saying it had been the kindest act which had ever been done upon him, and the turning-point in his character; and a very good fellow he became, and a credit to the school."

I only mention this as an illustration of Dr. Arnold's wisdom in his employment of punishment. Flogging was, in his opinion, the suitable chastisement for boys who were low down in the school, either from their age or from childishness and idleness of disposition; and by discarding it as boys rose in the school, he sought to encourage reasonableness and strength of character, which would help them to overcome the faults for which flogging would be the natural punishment.

CHAPTER V.

MASTER AND PUPILS.

"Yes, in some far shining sphere
Still thou performest the word
Of the spirit in whom thou dost live—
Prompt, unwearied, as here!"

RUGBY CHAPEL.

WE must now turn to what was of course the chief business of the school—the actual instruction given—but of this I am not competent to give any account in detail. Here, too, Dr. Arnold acted upon large general

principles which it would be well for all teachers to bear in mind and act upon. His aim was to raise the whole tone of the school in point of industry and scholarship, and this object he sought to further by offering prizes and scholarships ; by monthly examinations, held by himself, of every form in the school, in the work which had been done in the preceding month ; and by taking a large share in the yearly examinations of the whole school. The monthly examinations, lasting "for one long, awful hour," were looked forward to with dread by boys who had been idle or careless about their work. Such a scene has been graphically described by the pen of the "Old Boy" to whom we owe so many descriptive touches of Dr. Arnold at Rugby. He tells us of the boys "being all seated round, and the Doctor standing in the middle, talking in whispers to the master," then "of the Doctor's underlip coming out, and his eye beginning to burn, and his gown getting gathered up more and more tightly in his left hand." No doubt he had not heard a good report of the work of the form, and a boy who looked up from his book for a moment, saw the Doctor's face looking so awful that he "wouldn't have met his eye for all he was worth, and buried himself in his book again."

But though these occasions were awe-inspiring to the younger boys, to whom the Head Master was only known as a strong stern man, yet even by them the monthly examinations were looked

upon with interest ; the questions which he gave throwing fresh light upon the subject in hand, and revealing the teacher himself as an apparently inexhaustible source of knowledge. The way in which Dr. Arnold looked upon the work in school has been already touched upon ; it was to him a religious work, undertaken in the sight of God, and to His glory. This is best shown by quoting the prayer which he wrote for and used daily with his own form, the Sixth, before he began the first lesson :—

“ O Lord, Who by Thy holy Apostle hast taught us to do all things in the name of the Lord Jesus, and to Thy glory, give Thy blessing, we pray Thee, to this our daily work, that we may do it in faith and heartily, as to the Lord and not unto men. All our powers of body and mind are Thine, and we would fain devote them to Thy service. Sanctify them and the work in which they are engaged ; let us not be slothful, but fervent in spirit, and do Thou, O Lord, so bless our efforts that they may bring forth in us the fruits of true wisdom. Strengthen the faculties of our minds, and dispose us to exert them, but let us always remember to exert them for Thy glory, and for the furtherance of Thy kingdom, and save us from all pride and vanity, and reliance upon our own power or wisdom. Teach us to seek after truth, and enable us to gain it ; but grant that we may ever speak the truth in love—that while we know earthly things, we may know Thee, and be known by

Thee, through and in Thy Son Jesus Christ. Give us this day Thy Holy Spirit, that we may be Thine in body and spirit, in all our work and all our refreshments, through Jesus Christ Thy Son, our Lord. Amen."

The words of this prayer show us very clearly Dr. Arnold's deep conviction of the duty of exerting all mental faculties to the utmost, as being gifts from God, to be used in His service. For mere cleverness, apart from goodness, he had no respect; and in intellectual successes he took no pleasure, save as an indication that the boy had worked well, and improved the talents committed to him. His feeling, *e.g.*, about University honours, was that the actual success or failure in the examination was not the important thing, but that, as far as the real honour of Rugby was concerned, the effort, a hundred times more than the issue of the effort, was a credit to the school; inasmuch as it showed that the men that went from Rugby to the University did their duty there; that was the real point, he said, which alone, to his mind, reflected honour either on individuals or societies; and if such a fruit was in any way traceable to the influence of Rugby, then he was proud and thankful to have had such men as his pupils.

I am far from saying that Dr. Arnold depreciated intellectual excellence when it was accompanied by moral goodness; indeed, he had a strong belief in the general union of the two—that the boy of ability,

who took a pleasure in his school-work, would naturally be more in sympathy with his masters, and have more taste for a higher life generally ; whereas the idle or dull boy would be more attracted by lower temptations. The fruit which he, above all things, longed for, was "moral thoughtfulness ; the inquiring love of truth going along with the devoted love of goodness." This sums up in one sentence the object he had in view in the instruction and training of every boy under his charge. Steady and industrious work was what he most prized among his pupils, and he revered highly the instances where inferior natural powers had been "honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated." To such a man, he said, "he would stand hat in hand." At Laleham he had once got out of patience and spoken sharply to a pupil not naturally gifted, but earnest and plodding. The pupil looked up in his face and said, "Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed, I am doing the best I can." Years afterwards he used to tell the story to his children, and said, "I never felt so much ashamed in my life ; that look and that speech I have never forgotten."

Of course, the boys of real ability who took a lively interest in their work gave him the keenest pleasure. He never tired of the actual routine of teaching, and took an unwearying interest in his own daily lessons with the Sixth form. These were the boys who came closely and continually in

contact with him, and it is to their recollections that we owe our knowledge of what Dr. Arnold really was as an instructor. How he stimulated all their faculties, and inspired them with a life-long interest in the books and subjects which were their daily studies; how humble he was; how much more anxious to draw out what they knew, to open to them the sources of knowledge, than to impart information himself; how the sympathetic thrill caught from his own strong enthusiasm and interest in the work awoke within them a mental life and activity which they never lost—all this, and far more, has been told us by one of themselves. Perhaps I may be forgiven for extracting one passage descriptive of those lessons in the library tower, where his pupils became first really acquainted with him, and his power of teaching, in which he found at once his main business and pleasure, had its full scope. Dean Stanley writes:—

“The recollections of the Head Master of Rugby are inseparable from the recollections of the personal guide and friend of his scholars. They will at once recall those little traits, which, however minute in themselves, will to them suggest a lively image of his whole manner. They will remember the glance with which he looked round in the few moments of silence before the lesson began, and which seemed to speak his sense of his own position, and of theirs also, as the heads of a great school; the attitude in which he stood

turning over the pages of his book, with his eye fixed upon the boy who was pausing to give an answer; the well-known changes of his voice and manner, so faithfully representing the feeling within; the pleased look and the cheerful 'Thank you' which followed upon a successful answer or translation; the fall of his countenance, with its deepening severity, the stern elevation of the eyebrows, the sudden 'Sit down!' which followed upon the reverse; the courtesy and almost deference to the boys, as to his equals in society, so long as there was nothing to disturb the friendliness of their relation; the startling earnestness with which he would check in a moment the slightest approach to levity or impertinence; the confidence with which he addressed them in his half-yearly exhortations; the expressions of delight with which, when they had been doing well, he would say it was a constant pleasure to him to come into the library."

Passages from books, events in history, were indelibly impressed upon the memories of his pupils from their association with those hours of study; and the moral teaching conveyed in the lessons was one invaluable element. Dr. Arnold's intense earnestness of moral conviction showed itself in his treatment of history; the study of the past was to him the study of God's dealings with the human race, of the struggle between good and evil; and from this came his strong feeling of admiration for the noble characters of bygone times, and of

reprobation and abhorrence of the base and unprincipled. Another element of his teaching was the way in which he would constantly compare the past and the present, drawing lessons from Greek and Roman history and drama to throw light upon modern politics, and seeing the same conditions and struggles reproduced under a new aspect. His love for geography, which he maintained could only be taught as an accessory to history, supplied him with graphic illustrations to make the scenes of old live again before the eyes of his scholars. New worlds were opened to them in those never-to-be-forgotten lessons, life was enriched, their whole moral and intellectual being was stimulated, seed was being sown which was to bear fruit in many and many a life, and amid most varied scenes of labour.

† I have spoken of the general discipline and management of the school under Dr. Arnold's rule, and of his theory and practice in the ordinary instruction of the boys. I must now say something of the more direct religious teaching both in school and chapel, because no picture of his work at Rugby would be at all complete without this. It is true that the whole work was a religious work, all carried on under "the great Taskmaster's eye." But in proportion as Dr. Arnold approached in his teaching more closely to the great truths of Christianity, his interest and earnestness were deepened, and his pupils were made to feel more intensely the moving springs

of his being. The Scripture lessons have been described by those who heard them as characterised by a special freshness and vitality. The scenes, especially of the Gospel narrative, were so living, and even "exciting" to the teacher, that they could not fail to come home to the pupils. The boys were familiarised with the actual words of the Bible, the several parts of the story told by the different Evangelists, the circumstances under which, and the persons to whom, the Epistles were written. All was taught with a reality and earnestness which allowed of no stock phrases or expressions in speaking of religion ; and if this was the case with the Scripture lessons in school, it was still more impressive in the weekly sermons which Dr. Arnold delivered in the school chapel every Sunday afternoon for the last eleven years of his time at Rugby. Up to this time it had not been the custom for the Head Master to preach himself thus constantly to the boys ; this duty had fallen to a chaplain specially appointed to the post. But Dr. Arnold felt himself as Head Master the real and proper religious instructor of the boys ; and when the chaplaincy fell vacant three years after he went to Rugby, he asked to be appointed to the post, that he might be "officially, as well as really, the pastor of the boys, and not have to devolve on another, however well qualified, one of his own most peculiar and solemn duties." This was entirely consistent with one of his strongest convictions, that "the business of a school-

master, no less than that of a parish minister, is the cure of souls ;" and the school sermons were to almost every Rugby boy of that time one of the great events of the week. I cannot do better than give in full the account of these Sunday afternoons from the pen of an " Old Boy " :—

" More worthy pens than mine have described that scene. The oak pulpit standing out by itself above the school-seats. The tall gallant form, the kindling eye, the voice (now soft as the low notes of a flute, now clear and stirring as the call of the light infantry bugle) of him who stood there Sunday after Sunday, witnessing and pleading for his Lord, the King of righteousness, and love and glory, with Whose Spirit he was filled, and in Whose power he spoke. The long lines of young faces, rising tier above tier down the whole length of the chapel—from the little boy's who had just left his mother, to the young man's who was going out next week into the great world, rejoicing in his strength. It was a great and solemn sight, and never more so than at this time of year (November), when the only lights in the chapel were in the pulpit and at the seats of the præpositors of the week, and the soft twilight stole over the rest of the chapel, deepening into darkness in the high gallery behind the organ.

" But what was it, after all, which seized and held these three hundred boys, dragging them out of themselves, willing or unwilling, for twenty minutes,

on Sunday afternoons? True, there always were boys scattered up and down the school who in heart and head were worthy to hear and able to carry away the deepest and wisest words there spoken; but these were a minority always, generally a very small one, often so small a one as to be countable on the fingers of your hand. What was it that moved and held us, the rest of the three hundred reckless childish boys, who feared the Doctor with all our hearts, and very little besides in heaven and earth; who thought more of our sets in the school than of the Church of Christ, and put the traditions of Rugby and the public opinion of boys in our daily life above the laws of God? We couldn't enter into half that we heard; we hadn't the knowledge of our own hearts, or the knowledge of one another; and little enough of the faith, hope, and love, needed to that end. But we listened, as all boys in their better moods will listen (ay, and men, too, for the matter of that) to a man whom we felt to be, with all his heart and soul and strength, striving against whatever was mean and unmanly and unrighteous in our little world. It was not the cold clear voice of one giving advice and warning from serene heights to those who were struggling and sinning below, but the warm living voice of one who was fighting for us and by our sides, and calling on us to help him and ourselves and one another. And so, wearily and little by little, but surely and steadily on the whole, was brought

home to the young boy, for the first time, the meaning of his life; that it was no fool's or sluggard's paradise into which he had wandered by chance, but a battlefield ordained from of old, where there are no spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death. And he who roused this consciousness in them, showed them at the same time, by every word he spoke in the pulpit, and by his whole daily life, how that battle was to be fought; and stood there before them their fellow-soldier and the captain of their band. The true sort of captain, too, for a boys' army, one who had no misgivings, and gave no uncertain word of command, and, let who would yield or make truce, would fight the fight out (so every boy felt) to the last gasp and the last drop of blood. Other sides of his character might take hold of and influence boys here and there, but it was this thoroughness and undaunted courage which, more than anything else, won his way to the hearts of the great mass of those on whom he left his mark, and made them believe—first in him, and then in his Master."

I need scarcely enlarge upon this description of the effect produced by Dr. Arnold's sermons even on thoughtless and indifferent boys. No doubt their chief power lay in the fact that the boys felt their master's honesty and consistency in every word that fell from his lips. They knew that what he preached to them on Sundays he practised every hour of the

week ; and so the message came to them with absolute force and conviction.

Dean Stanley says : " On many there was left an impression to which, though unheeded at the time, they recurred in after-life. Even the most careless boys would sometimes, during the course of the week, refer almost involuntarily to the sermon of the past Sunday as a condemnation of what they were doing." And another pupil writes : " I used to listen to them from first to last with a kind of awe, and over and over again could not join my friends at the chapel-door, but would walk home to be alone ; and I remember the same effects being produced by them, more or less, on others, whom I should think Arnold looked on as some of the worst boys in the school."

I should like to conclude this chapter by quoting a few words from the preface to a volume of school sermons published by Dr. Arnold's successor in the Head Mastership on the eve of leaving Rugby in 1850, eight years after Dr. Arnold's death. Dr. Tait writes :—

" I cannot but remember at this time who was my predecessor in the place where these sermons were preached, and what memorials he has left of the wise and earnest spirit in which he strove to guide those whom his death left under my care. I wish to take this opportunity of testifying how great the religious work was which he had accomplished ; how little remained for his successor but to labour if by

any means he might maintain it. . . . Finally, for all connected with the school I can scarcely have a better prayer than that they may be enabled always to love Christ and truth and goodness with the simplicity of Dr. Arnold; and that, as years advance, they may grow in the power of tempering zeal with charity, and in those gradually deepening feelings of a spiritual mind which the later volumes of his sermons so remarkably unfold."

CHAPTER VI.

GUIDE AND FRIEND.

"Still thou upraisest with zeal
The humble good from the ground,
Sternly represses the bad!
. . . . reviv'st,
Succourest! This was thy work,
This was thy life upon earth."

RUGBY CHAPEL.

WE have seen something of Dr. Arnold as a ruler, a disciplinarian, an instructor, a preacher, and of the spirit which animated him in every department of his life and work; but a word more may well be said as to his personal relations with his boys, both during their time at Rugby and in their after-life. There can be no doubt of the personal interest he took in the character and development of every

single boy committed to his charge, and the arrival of newcomers to the school never ceased to awaken deep feeling in him. "It is a most touching thing to me," he said one day, "to receive a new fellow from his father, when I think what an influence there is in this place for evil as well as for good. I do not know anything which affects me more. If ever I could receive a new boy from his father without emotion, I should think it was high time to be off;" and this strength of feeling pervaded all his relations with the boys. Of course the younger part of the school were quite unaware how well known their characters and doings were to the formidable Head Master; and when on occasions they were brought into contact with him, they were surprised by his knowledge of them personally, by his understanding sympathy, his "extraordinary knack of showing that his object in punishing or reproving was not his own good or pleasure, but that of the boy." The following extracts, for which we are again indebted to an "Old Boy," may not be literal transcripts of actual conversations, but are faithful to the spirit in which Dr. Arnold dealt with his boys. One who is recovering from severe illness says to a schoolfellow: "I'm sure the Doctor thought I was going to die. He gave me the Sacrament last Sunday, and you can't think what he is when one is ill. He said such brave and tender and gentle things to me, I felt quite light and strong after it,

and never had any more fear." And another boy who had had difficulties about offering himself for Confirmation, and had made up his mind to talk to the Doctor about it, thus describes his interview:—"Well, I just told him all about it. You can't think how kind and gentle he was, the great grim man whom I've feared more than anybody on earth. When I stuck, he lifted me just as if I'd been a little child. And he seemed to know all I'd felt, and to have gone through it all. And I burst out crying—more than I've done this five years; and he sat down by me, and stroked my head; and I went blundering on, and told him all; much worse things than I've told you. And he wasn't shocked a bit, and didn't snub me, or tell me I was a fool, and it was all nothing but pride or wickedness, though I daresay it was. And he didn't tell me not to follow out my thoughts, and he didn't give me any cut-and-dried explanation. But when I'd done, he just talked a bit—I can hardly remember what he said, yet; but it seemed to spread round me like healing, and strength, and light; and to bear me up, and plant me on a rock, where I could hold my footing and fight for myself. I don't know what to do, I feel so happy."

As I said before, this does not pretend to be a literal reproduction of an actual interview with the Doctor; but there is a genuineness about the familiar words which sets before one the feeling which many

and many a Rugby boy of that day entertained for the Head Master ; and especially, of course, this feeling was strong in the Sixth, who enjoyed the privilege, as we have seen, of his daily instructions, and whom he looked upon as his lieutenants and helpers in the discipline of the school. And even in pupils who never were in the Sixth, as they advanced in the school, there "grew up a deep admiration, partaking largely of the nature of awe, and this softened into a sort of loyalty, which remained even in the closer and more affectionate sympathy of later years. One such pupil writes :—"I am sure that I do not exaggerate my feelings when I say that I felt a love and reverence for him as one of quite awful greatness and goodness, for whom I well remember that I used to think I would gladly lay down my life. . . . I used to believe that I, too, had a work to do for him in the school, and did for his sake labour to raise the tone of the set I lived in, particularly as regarded himself."

Dr. Arnold from the first acted on the same principle as at Laleham, in trying to have his Sixth-form boys as much with him as possible, and awakening their confidence by friendliness and sympathy. He writes, at the end of his first month at Rugby, September, 1828 :—

"I am trying to establish something of a friendly intercourse with the Sixth Form by asking them, in succession, in parties of four, to dinner with us, and I

have them each separately up into my room to look over their exercises." And after speaking of his hope to rule by gentle methods he adds: "I have seen great boys, six feet high, shed tears when I have sent for them up into my room and spoken to them quietly, in private, for not knowing their lesson, and I have found that this treatment produced its effects afterwards, in making them do better."

The personal intercourse with his boys did not cease after they left the school, but a bond of close affection and intimacy united the master and pupils to the end of his life. He watched their career at the University, their choice of a profession, and all the details of their life, with the keenest interest. They looked to him for counsel and sympathy at every turn. His house was always open to them, and some of his happiest times were those visits from his former scholars who would come to Rugby sometimes three and four times in a year. It was often not till they were leaving the school, in some cases not till after his death, that his pupils realised all that they had in him. This revelation of what the master really was in his love and care for every single boy is very vividly described once more by the "Old Boy," whose narrative we may safely conclude to have been, to a large extent, autobiographical:—

On the very last day of a Sixth-form boy's life at Rugby, one of the assistant masters gives him some insight into the sort of care Dr. Arnold had

had for him all through his school-career. He tells him how at one period the Doctor had been in great distress about him because he had been getting into all sorts of scrapes, and how it had been decided that what was wanted for him was some object in the school beyond games and mischief; for it was quite clear that he never would make the regular school-work his first object. "And so," the master goes on, "the Doctor, at the beginning of the next half-year, looked out the best of the new boys, and put the young boy into your study, in the hope that when you had somebody to lean on you, you would begin to stand a little steadier yourself, and get manliness and thoughtfulness. And I can assure you he has watched the experiment ever since with great satisfaction. Ah! not one of you boys will ever know the anxiety you have given him, or the care with which he has watched over every step in your school-lives." And then the story goes on to tell how complete was the conquest over the boy's affection and loyalty effected by these few words. "Up to this time he had never wholly given in to, or understood, the Doctor. At first he had thoroughly feared him. For some years he had learnt to regard him with love and respect, and to think him a very great, and wise, and good man. But . . . it was a new light to him to find that, besides teaching the Sixth, and governing and guiding the whole school, editing classics, and writing histories, the great Head Master had found time in those busy years to watch over the career

even of him, and his particular friends, and, no doubt, of fifty other boys at the same time ; and all this without taking the least credit to himself, or seeming to know, or let any one else know, that he ever thought particularly of any boy at all. The Doctor's victory over him was complete from that moment. He gave way at all points, and the enemy marched right over him—cavalry, infantry, and artillery, the land-transport corps, and the camp-followers. It had taken eight long years to do it, but now it was done thoroughly, and there wasn't a corner of him left which didn't believe in the Doctor."

To complete the picture of the hold Dr. Arnold had over the hearts and minds of his pupils, I must give one more extract from the same book, and tell how the Rugby boy, now an Oxford man, received the sorrowful tidings of the Head Master's death in the summer of 1842. He is away in Scotland, on a fishing excursion, when the news reaches him, and he feels at once that he can stay in Scotland no longer ; an irresistible longing possesses him to get to Rugby, and then home. So he travels as fast as boat and railway can carry him to the Rugby station. It is holiday-time, and he learns from the old verger that his dear master is buried under the altar in the chapel. He takes the keys from the old man, and walks quickly through the quadrangle, and out into the close. Here he throws himself at full length on the turf, and the scenes of past years crowd upon him ; and, "looking

across the close to the Doctor's private door, he half expected to see it open, and the tall figure in cap and gown come striding under the elm-trees towards him.

"No, no! that sight could never be seen again. There was no flag flying on the round tower; the school-house windows were all shuttered up; and when the flag went up again, and the shutters came down, it would be to welcome a stranger. All that was left on earth of him whom he had honoured was lying cold and still under the chapel-floor. He would go in and see the place once more. . . . So he got up, and walked to the chapel-door and unlocked it, passed through the vestibule, and then paused for a moment to glance over the empty benches; then he walked up to the seat which he had last occupied as a Sixth-form boy and sat himself down there to collect his thoughts.

"And, truth to tell, they needed collecting and setting in order not a little. The memories of eight years were all dancing through his brain, and carrying him about whither they would; while beneath them all his heart was throbbing with the dull sense of a loss that could never be made up to him. The rays of the evening sun came solemnly through the painted windows above his head, and fell in gorgeous colours on the opposite wall; and the perfect stillness soothed his spirit by little and little. And he turned to the pulpit, and looked at it, and then, leaning forward with his head on his hands, groaned aloud, 'If he could only

have seen the Doctor again for one five minutes—have told him all that was in his heart, what he owed to him, how he loved and revered him, and would by God's help follow his steps in life and death—he could have borne it all without a murmur. But that he should have gone away for ever without knowing it all was too much to bear.' 'But am I sure that he does not know it all?' The thought made him start. 'May he not even now be near me, in this very chapel? If he be, am I sorrowing as he would have me sorrow—as I should wish to have sorrowed when I shall meet him again?'

"He raised himself up and looked round; and after a minute rose and walked humbly down to the lowest bench, and sat down on the very seat which he had occupied on his first Sunday at Rugby. And then the old memories rushed back again, but softened and subdued, and soothing him as he let himself be carried away by them. And he looked up at the great painted window above the altar, and remembered how, when a little boy, he used to try not to look through it at the elm-trees and the rooks, before the painted glass came—and the subscription for the painted glass, and the letter he wrote home for money to give to it; and there, down below, was the very name of the boy who sat on his right hand on that first day, scratched rudely in the oak panelling.

"And then came the thought of all his old school-fellows; and form after form of boys—nobler, and

braver, and purer than he—rose up and seemed to rebuke him. Could he not think of them, and what they had felt and were feeling ; they who had honoured and loved from the first the man whom he had taken years to know and love ? Could he not think of those yet dearer to him who was gone, who bore his name and shared his blood, and were now without a husband and father ? Then the grief, which he began to share with others, became gentle and holy, and he rose up once more, and walked up the steps to the altar ; and, while the tears flowed freely down his cheeks, knelt down humbly and hopefully, to lay down there his share of a burden which had proved itself too heavy for him to bear in his own strength. Here let us leave him. Where better could we leave him than at the altar before which he had first caught a glimpse of the glory of his birthright, and felt the drawing of the bond which links all living souls together in one brotherhood—at the grave beneath the altar of him who had opened his eyes to see that glory, and softened his heart till it could feel that bond ? ”

I have purposely given this passage now, rather than at the end of my book, when I shall have told of the close of that earnest life-work, because it brings before us in so striking a manner the influence which Dr. Arnold gained over the lives of those committed to his keeping. We have seen the aim which he had in view in undertaking the school ; how simply honestly, untiringly, he laboured to promote that end ;

how little he thought of himself in all his work, how much of God's glory and the good of souls.

His newly-appointed successor spoke of him from the chapel pulpit on the first Sunday after the reassembling of the school, in that sad summer of 1842, as "him whom, now that he is gone, all, without exception, will at once allow to have been the brightest light and chief support of right education in this country ; who first in our age laboured to teach men and boys how goodly a sight is a Christian school."

CHAPTER VII.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

"Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow."

RUGBY CHAPEL.

I HAVE endeavoured to give in this brief sketch a faint picture of Dr. Arnold's school-work as a whole during the fourteen years which he spent at Rugby. I shall have something to say about other aspects of his life in subsequent chapters ; but I think a few extracts from his letters which refer to the school, or to his views on education generally, or are addressed to those who had been his pupils at Rugby, may help

to throw light on one who has been justly called "England's greatest Schoolmaster."

With regard to the school, there was no doubt a dark side to the picture, as well as a bright one; there were many anxieties and discouragements, such as to make him at times even doubt the advisability of sending boys to public schools at all. For some boys he was clear that the temptations and dangers more than counterbalanced the advantages; for those who passed safely through the ordeal he was convinced that the result was beneficial—that they came out of the school with a gain to their moral character which no other training could have given them. But let us read some of his own words on this subject. In speaking of the necessary qualifications for teachers, he writes in 1830, two years after going to Rugby:—

"The qualifications which I deem essential to the due performance of a master's duties here may, in brief, be expressed as the spirit of a Christian and a gentleman; that a man should enter upon his business . . . as a substantive and most important duty; that he should devote himself to it as the especial branch of the ministerial calling which he has chosen to follow; that, belonging to a great public institution, and standing in a public and conspicuous situation, he should study things 'lovely and of good report'—that is, that he should be public-spirited, liberal, and enter- ing heartily into the interest, honour, and general

respectability and distinction of the society which he has joined ; and that he should have sufficient vigour of mind and thirst for knowledge to persist in adding to his own stores, without neglecting the full improvement of those whom he is teaching. I think our masterships here offer a noble field of duty, and I would not bestow them on any one whom I thought would undertake them without entering into the spirit of our system heart and hand."

This letter shows how high a value Dr. Arnold set upon the work of teaching—what a "noble field of duty," in his opinion, it opens to any one ; and it also shows how important he felt it to be that those who undertake to teach others should not neglect their self-improvement. In another place he writes to a teacher :—

"You need not think that your own reading will now have no object, because you are engaged with young boys. Every improvement of your own powers and knowledge tells immediately upon them ; and, indeed, I hold that a man is only fit to teach so long as he is himself learning daily. If the mind once becomes stagnant, it can give no fresh draught to another mind ; it is drinking out of a pond, instead of from a spring." And again : "He is the best teacher of others who is best taught himself ; that which we know and love, we cannot but communicate ; that which we know and do not love, we soon, I think, cease to know."

Should not some of these maxims be taken home to the hearts of all engaged in the work of education? That we should love what we have to teach; that we should be growing and developing ourselves, as well as looking for the growth and development of our scholars—these thoughts we should do well to bear in mind wherever teaching becomes a part of our work. Dr. Arnold insisted strongly on the importance of liveliness in teachers as “an essential condition of sympathy with creatures so lively as boys are naturally.” He says: “It is a great matter to make them understand that liveliness is not folly and thoughtlessness. A schoolmaster’s intercourse is with the young, the strong, and the happy; and he cannot get on with them unless in animal spirits he can sympathise with them, and show them that his thoughtfulness is not connected with selfishness or weakness.”

The following passage, written September, 1829, shows us how vigorous and fully occupied he was after his first year’s work at Rugby:—

“As for myself, I think of Wordsworth’s lines—

Yes! they can make, who fail to find,
Brief leisure e’en in busiest days, &c.;

and I know how much need I have to make such moments of leisure, for else one goes on still employed, till all makes progress except our spiritual life, and that, I fear, goes backward. The very

dealing, as I do, with beings in the highest state of bodily health and spirits, is apt to give a corresponding carelessness to my own mind. I must be all alive and vigorous, to manage them, and to do my work. . . . And, indeed, my spirits in themselves are a great blessing; for without them the work would weigh me down, whereas now I seem to throw it off like the fleas from a dog's back when he shakes himself."

OCTOBER, 1829.—"Of the moral state of the boys, for which, of course, I care infinitely the most, I can judge the least. Our advantages in that respect are great—at least, in the absence of many temptations to gross vice; but to cultivate a good spirit in the highest sense is a far different thing from shutting out one or two gross evils from want of opportunity."

JUNE, 1830.—"The work here is more and more engrossing continually, but I like it better and better; it has all the interest of a great game of chess, with living creatures for pawns and pieces, and your adversary, in plain English, the devil. Truly he plays a very tough game, and is very hard to beat, if I ever do beat him. It is quite surprising to see the wickedness of young boys, or would be surprising if I had not had my own school experience and a good deal since to enlighten me."

AUGUST, 1830.—"I hope we shall pull hard and all together during the next half-year. There is plenty to be done, I can assure you; but, thank God, I

continue to enjoy the work, and am now in excellent condition for setting to it."

AUGUST, 1830.—"Last half-year I preached every Sunday in Lent, and for the last five Sundays of the half-year also, besides other times; and I had to write new sermons for all these, for I cannot bear to preach to the boys anything but what is quite fresh, and suggested by their particular condition. I never like preaching anywhere else so well; for one's boys are even more than a parish, inasmuch as one knows more of them all individually than can easily be the case in a parish, and has a double authority over them—temporal as well as spiritual. . . .

"It is quite awful, though, to watch the strength of evil in such young minds, and how powerless is every effort against it. It would give the vainest man alive a very fair notion of his own insufficiency, to see how little he can do, and how his most earnest addresses are as a cannon-ball on a bolster; thorough careless unimpressibleness beats one all to pieces. And so it is, and so it will be; and as far as I am concerned, I can quite say that it is much better that it should be so; for it would be too kindling, could one perceive these young minds really led from evil by one's own efforts; one would be sorely tempted to bow down to one's own net. As it is, the net is so palpably ragged that one sees perforce how sorry an idol it would make."

NOVEMBER, 1833.—"I have been, for five years,

head of this school. You may imagine, then, that I am engaged in a great and anxious labour, and must have considerable experience of the difficulty of turning the young mind to know and love God in Christ."

FEBRUARY, 1834.—"The school goes on very fairly, with its natural proportion of interest and of annoyance. I am daily more and more struck with the very low average of intellectual power, and of the difficulty of meeting those various temptations, both intellectual and moral, which stand in boys' way ; a school shows, as undisguisedly as any place, the corruption of human nature, and the monstrous advantage with which evil starts, if I may so speak, in its contest with good."

JANUARY, 1835.—"I wish that in thinking of you with a pupil, I could think of you as enjoying the employment, whereas I am afraid you will feel it to be a burden. It is, perhaps, too exclusively my business at Rugby ; at least, I fancy that I should be glad to have a little more time for other things ; but I have not yet learnt to alter my feelings of intense interest in the occupation. I feel, perhaps, the more interest in it, because I seem to find it more and more hopeless to get men to think and inquire freely and fairly after they have once taken their side in life. The only hope is with the young, if by any means they can be led to think for themselves, without following a party, and to love what is good and true, let them find it where they will."

APRIL, 1835.—(In answer to a question about public and private schools.) "The difficulties of education stare me in the face whenever I look at my own four boys. I think by-and-by that I shall put them into the school here, but I shall do it with trembling. Experience seems to point out no one plan of education as decidedly the best ; it only says, I think, that public education is the best where it answers. But then the question is, Will it answer with one's own boy? And if it fails, is not the failure complete? It becomes a question of particulars ; a very good private tutor would tempt me to try private education, or a very good public school, with connections amongst the boys at it, might induce me to venture upon public. Still, there is much chance in the matter ; for a school may change its character greatly, even with the same master, by the prevalence of a good or bad set of boys ; and this no caution can guard against. But I should certainly advise anything rather than a private school of above thirty boys. Large private schools, I think, are the worst possible system ; the choice lies between public schools and an education whose character may be strictly private and domestic."

JULY, 1835.—"The school will become more and more engrossing, and so it ought to be, for it is impossible ever to do enough in it. Yet I think it essential that I should not give up my own reading, as I always find any addition of knowledge

to turn to account for the school in some way or other."

OCTOBER, 1835.—"We have lost this year more than half of our Sixth Form, so that the influx of new elements has been rather disproportionately great; and, unluckily, the average of talent just in this part of the school is not high. We have a very good promise below, but at present we shall have great difficulty in maintaining our ground; and then I always fear that where the intellect is low, the animal part will predominate; and that moral evils will increase, as well as intellectual proficiency decline, under such a state of things. At present I think that the boys seem very well disposed, and I trust that, in this far more important matter, we shall work through our time of less bright sunshine without material injury. It would overpay me for far greater uneasiness and labour than I have ever had at Rugby to see the feeling, both towards the school and towards myself personally, with which some of our boys have been lately leaving us. One stayed with us in the house for his last week at Rugby, dreading the approach of the day which should take him to Oxford, although he was going up to a most delightful society of old friends; and, when he actually came to take leave, I really think that the parting was like that of a father and his son. And it is delightful to me to find how glad all the better boys are to come back here after they have left it,

and how much they seem to enjoy staying with me ; while a sure instinct keeps at a distance all whose recollections of the place are connected with no comfortable reflections."

Such passages from Dr. Arnold's letters are worth inserting, as they seem to give us glimpses into his own mind and thoughts concerning the school—his hopes, his fears, his keen and living interest in the work, the encouragement which came to him as the years went on and the boys seemed to value and respond more and more to the influence and teaching of the place. After a visit to his old school at Winchester, in 1836, he writes that he has no envy for the Headmaster or for any man, "thinking that there is a good in Rugby which no place can surpass in its quality, be the quantity of it much or little."

NOVEMBER, 1838.—"Here, thank God, I have not suffered from failing health, but I have been much annoyed with the moral evils which have come under my notice ; and then a great school is very trying. It never can present images of rest and peace ; and when the spring and activity of youth is altogether unsanctified by anything pure and elevated in its desires, it becomes a spectacle that is as dizzying and almost more morally distressing than the shouts and gambols of a set of lunatics. It is very startling to see so much of sin combined with so little of sorrow. In a parish amongst the poor, whatever of sin exists, there is sure also to be enough

of suffering; poverty, sickness, and old age, are mighty tamers and chastisers. But with boys of the richer classes, one sees nothing but plenty, health, and youth; and these are really awful to behold when one must feel that they are unblessed. On the other hand, few things are more beautiful than when one does see all holy and noble thoughts and principles, not the forced growth of pain or infirmity or privation, but springing up as by God's immediate planting, in a sort of garden of all that is fresh and beautiful; full of so much hope for this world, as well as for Heaven."

SEPTEMBER, 1840.—"I have just had some of the troubles of school-keeping; and one of those specimens of the evil of boy-nature, which makes me always unwilling to undergo the responsibility of advising any man to send his son to a public school. There has been a system of persecution carried on by the bad against the good, and then, when complaint was made to me, there came fresh persecution on that very account; and divers instances of boys joining in it out of pure cowardice, both physical and moral, when, if left to themselves, they would have rather shunned it. And the exceedingly small number of boys who can be relied on for active and steady good on these occasions, and the way in which the decent and respectable of ordinary life are sure on these occasions to swim with the stream, and take part with the evil, makes me strongly feel exemplified

what the Scripture says about the strait gate and the wide one—a view of human nature which, when looking on human life in its full dress of decencies and civilisations, we are apt, I imagine, to find it hard to realise. But here, in the nakedness of boy-nature, one is quite able to understand how there could not be found so many as even ten righteous in a whole city. And how to meet this evil I really do not know; but to find it thus rife, after I have been so many years fighting against it, is so sickening that it is very hard not to throw up the cards in despair, and upset the table. But then the stars of nobleness which I see amidst the darkness, in the case of the few good, are so cheering that one is inclined to stick to the ship again, and have another good try at getting her about.”

I hope I have not given a disproportionate amount of space for these letters about Dr. Arnold's school-work. This is the side of his life which for our purpose, and in considering him as a “World's Worker,” is no doubt of paramount importance; and from his own words I hoped that we should gain more insight into his aims and objects than could be obtained in any other way.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BELOVED MASTER.

“We were weary, and we
 Fearful, and we in our march
 Fain to drop down and to die.
 Still thou turnedst, and still
 Beckonedst the trembling, and still
 Gavest the weary thy hand.”

RUGBY CHAPEL.

IN the preceding chapter we have had some glimpses into Dr. Arnold's own views of the school and of education generally. It may be interesting to have one or two passages from the letters of former pupils, which show the feeling with which they regarded him ; one writes quite recently :—

“If I am asked what was the most impressive feature in his character, I should reply, an iron strength of principle. He was a person who never could do things or think of things by halves. All matters would be in his eyes right or wrong. I do not mean that he would entertain any sort of objection to others coming to a conclusion opposed to his own ; he would thoroughly respect their conviction ; but he would require them to have real grounds for it, not simple prejudice, not deference to others, not tame acquiescence in some popular cry.”

Another pupil writes from India some two years after Dr. Arnold's death, and speaks of him as "one whom we who knew him must ever honour and love. I can truly say that there are few days of my life in which I do not think of him, and few steps which I take that I do not consider what his advice would have been on the occasion, or how he would have had me act." In the same letter he writes: "An old Cambridge man came into my room from Cambridge, and seeing the picture [of Dr. Arnold] there, literally burst forth into exclamations of rapture which lasted for ten minutes. A Haileybury man (not a Rugbean), who happened to be by, was perfectly astonished at the admiration shown by the other; nor was that astonishment lessened when he was told that the utterer of those exclamations was never even under Arnold, never in the Sixth! I merely mention this as a proof how completely Arnold's influence extended itself to all the higher parts of the school. Another point that strikes me is the excellent tact displayed by Arnold when he had two sons in the Sixth at the same time. I do not think any other man could have had any of his sons in the school without at least giving rise to animadversions, which was certainly not the case." Towards the close of the letter the writer adds: "I cannot better express my feelings towards Arnold than by what E. writes to me by this mail: 'We ought, both of us, to be better all our lives for our relations to him. Believe me, it is one of those things for which

we shall be accountable to God.'” One more such passage must be given, because it seems to express feelings that were shared by many, perhaps most, of the boys in the upper part of the school. It is written by one who had left England for a distant country three years before, and is dated after the sad tidings of Dr. Arnold's sudden death:—

“No one inspirited and encouraged my undertaking here [as] he did; no letters were so sure to bring fresh hopes and happiness as those which can never come again from him. It was not so much what he said in them, as the sense which they conveyed, that he still was, as he had ever been, the same earnest faithful friend. This I felt the last time I ever saw him, in the autumn of 1839. He rose early, and spent the last hour with me before we separated for ever—he to his school-work, and I to my journey here. We were in the dining-room, and I well remember the autumnal dawn. It was calm and overcast, and so impressed itself on my memory, because it agreed with the more than usual quietness; the few words of counsel which still serve me from time to time; the manner in which the commonest kindnesses were offered to one soon to be out of their reach for ever; the promise of support through evil fortune or good, in few words, once repeated, exceeding my largest deserts; and then the earnest blessing and farewell from lips never again to open in my hearing.” In the same letter the writer speaks of his feeling that while

Dr. Arnold was alive "it would indeed be pusillanimous to shrink from maintaining what was true and right."

Can we imagine any words which would have brought more joy to the master's heart than these last? any tribute which would have seemed to him a greater reward for the work he had accomplished at Rugby? His one object in all his labours had been to turn his boys from darkness to light, to inspire them with the love of truth and goodness. If this letter may be fairly taken as representative of the impression left on the minds and hearts of those scholars who responded at all to his teaching, we may truly feel that his highest hopes were fulfilled.

Perhaps this may be a good place in which to refer to a charge which has been often brought against Rugby boys brought up under Dr. Arnold when they first went up to the University, and came in contact with other young men, *i.e.*, that they had old heads on young shoulders, that they were somewhat precociously thoughtful, and perhaps unwisely severe on their comrades, thinking sometimes that they saw evil in things innocent, and giving, most unintentionally, offence to others. This charge has been fully answered by one of themselves in the preface to his book "by an Old Boy," from which this one more extract may be taken. Mr. Hughes, writing some seven or eight years after Dr. Arnold's death, says: "I am sure that every one who has had

anything like large or continuous knowledge of boys brought up at Rugby will bear me out in saying that the mark by which you may know them is their genial and hearty freshness, and youthfulness of character. They lose nothing of the boy that is worth keeping, but build up the man upon it. This is their distinguishing feature as Rugby boys ; and if they never had it, or have lost it, it must be, not because they were at Rugby, but in spite of having been there. The stronger it is in them, the more deeply you may be sure have they drunk of the spirit of their school. But this boyishness in the highest sense is not incompatible with earnestness." Mr. Hughes then goes on to show that in the struggle to work out the "moral thoughtfulness," which Dr. Arnold had striven so zealously to awaken in them, in their daily life, his pupils may often have made mistakes at first ; their sense of the true proportion of things may not have been fully developed ; they may have seemed over-censorious, and laid themselves open to the charge of being "prigs" and "Pharisees;" but in a year or two, "when the 'thoughtful life' has become habitual to the boy, and fits him as easily as his skin," then, as he grows into a man, he will be found "enjoying everyday life as no man can who has not found out whence comes the capacity for enjoyment, and who is the Giver of the least of the good things of this world ; humble, as no man can be who has not proved his own powerlessness to do right in the smallest act

which he ever had to do ; tolerant, as no man can be who does not live daily and hourly in the knowledge of how Perfect Love is for ever about his path, and bearing with, and upholding him."

Do not we, the men and women of England, owe a deep debt of gratitude to the schoolmaster who sent forth his pupils into the world to play their part in life, inspired by such a spirit and with such ideas of God and duty ?

Those who have followed Dr. Arnold's work at Rugby so far will perhaps be interested to have one or two extracts from his letters to those who had left his immediate charge, but who were united to him by so close a bond of love and interest:—

FEBRUARY, 1833.—"I shall really be very glad to hear from you at any time, and I will write to the best of my power on any subject on which you want to know my opinion. . . . I believe that the one great lesson for us all is, that we should daily pray for an 'increase of faith.' There is enough of iniquity abounding to make our love in danger of waxing cold ; it is well said, therefore, '*Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in ME.*' By which I understand that it is not so much general notions of Providence which are our best support, but a sense of the personal interest, if I may so speak, taken in our welfare by Him who died for us, and rose again. May His Spirit strengthen us to do His will, and to bear it, in power, in love, and in wisdom ! God bless you."

The following passage from a letter to a pupil is an illustration of what I said before of Dr. Arnold's strong feeling of the danger of merely intellectual superiority :—

JULY, 1833.—“It is true that I had observed, with some pain, what seemed to me indications of a want of enthusiasm, in the good sense of the word, of a moral sense and feeling corresponding to what I knew was your intellectual activity. I did not observe anything amounting to a sneering spirit; but there seemed to me a coldness on religious matters which made me fear lest it should change to sneering, as your understanding became more vigorous; for this is the natural fault of the undue predominance of the mere intellect, unaccompanied by a corresponding growth and liveliness of the moral affections—particularly that of admiration and love of moral excellence; just as superstition arises, where it is honest, from the undue predominance of the affections, without the strengthening power of the intellect advancing in proportion. Intense admiration is necessary to our highest perfection, and we have an object in the Gospel for which it may be felt to the utmost.”

Here we find an allusion to that personal love and worship of Christ which was one of the deepest elements in his religious life, and which only grew stronger as the years went on. The following passage to an old pupil, now at Oxford, shows how

important he felt it to be that men should overcome natural reserve and shyness :—

OCTOBER, 1834.—“As to your disappointments in society, I really am afraid to touch on the subject without clearer knowledge. But you should, I am sure, make an effort to speak *out*, as I am really grateful for your having *written out* to me. Reserve and fear of committing oneself are, beyond a certain point, positive evils ; a man had better expose himself half a dozen times than be shut up always ; and, after all, it is not exposing yourself, for no one can help valuing and loving what seems an abandonment to feelings of sympathy, especially when, from the character of him who thus opens his heart, the effort is known to be considerable. I am afraid that I may be writing at random ; only, believe me that I feel very deeply interested about you, and perhaps have more sympathy with your case than many a younger man ; for the circumstances of my life have kept me young in feelings, and the period of twenty years ago is as vividly present to my mind as though it were a thing of yesterday.”

To one of his Sixth Form, threatened with consumption, he writes in July, 1835 :—

“I fear that you will have found your patience much tried by the return of pain in your side, and the lassitude produced by the heat ; it must also be a great trial not to be able to bear reading. I can say but little of such a state from my own experience,

but I have seen much of it, and have known how easy and even happy it has become, partly by time, but more from a better support, which I believe is never denied when it is honestly sought. And I have always supposed that the first struggle in such a case would be the hardest ; that is, the struggle in youth or middle age of reconciling ourselves to the loss of the active powers of life, and to the necessity of serving God by suffering rather than by doing. Afterwards, I should imagine the mind would feel a great peace in such a state, in the relief afforded from a great deal of temptation and responsibility, and the course of duty lying before it so plain and so simple."

Many such passages might be quoted from these letters, showing the keen interest Dr. Arnold continued to take in those who had been under him at Rugby ; but space fails : and perhaps enough have been given to illustrate what I said before, of his fatherly love and care for them, and his earnest desire to further their highest interests. To him it was "a matter of intense interest to observe the ripening manhood of those minds in whose earlier opening he felt so deep and affectionate a sympathy." With these words must conclude what has necessarily been a brief and most imperfect account of Dr. Arnold's work at Rugby as a schoolmaster. To those who wish to know more of him in this capacity I can only say that a full, sympathetic,

and vivid picture will be found in the volumes from which the foregoing sketch has been largely drawn, the Biography which has been given to us by one of his most highly-gifted and distinguished pupils. For ourselves, we must now turn for a moment to touch upon other aspects of his life and work.

CHAPTER IX.

LABOUR AND CONFLICT.

"I believe that there lived
Others like thee in the past,
Fervent, heroic, and good
Helpers and friends of mankind."

RUGBY CHAPEL.

THE more we study the records of Dr. Arnold's life and character; especially those contained in his own letters and published writings, and in the letters of his friends and pupils, the more strange does it appear to us that any doubt can ever have been thrown upon the depth and strength of his Christian principles. Every word which he utters, every action of his life, breathes this spirit of religion, and reveals him as an ardent and courageous champion for the cause of right against wrong, of faith against unbelief, of simple conscientious adherence to the principles of the Gospel against superstition and sectarianism.

Yet one of the holiest and wisest of those who differed from him in opinion could doubt whether Dr. Arnold really was a Christian, and for years of his life at Rugby he was exposed to violent attacks from all sides; his teaching was considered to be dangerous to the cause of true religion, and his action and writings on questions of public interest were misunderstood and abused by many parties both in Church and State—so strangely do all true reformers in any department awaken opposition from those attached to the old order of things as such, from those imbued with the spirit of conservatism, which Dr. Arnold himself defined as “the spirit of resistance to all change.”

Were this the time and place to enter into a consideration as to how far the attacks made upon Dr. Arnold in his lifetime have been justified by the results of his teaching, how far those who still hold that his views were dangerous to the highest interests of our country have any ground for their conviction, such a study would be full of interest and importance. Forty-seven years have gone by since Dr. Arnold passed to “where beyond these voices there is peace,” to the presence of that Judge Who alone can truly decide the merits of any work done by men here on earth, and this interval of time is certainly long enough to allow of a fair and impartial consideration of the influence Dr. Arnold has exerted upon his contemporaries and successors;

but such a consideration could find no place in this little book, even were the writer competent to enter upon it. The great work which Dr. Arnold undoubtedly did for education is our subject here. His other work, great and important as it was, and affecting as it has our national life and thought in many directions, cannot be entered upon in any detail. We must content ourselves with mentioning as briefly as possible some of the chief thoughts and ideas which occupied his mind, and which find expression in his published writings.

Dr. Arnold was of opinion that there were only two things in life of vital importance—Religion and Politics, or, as he would call them, our duties and affections towards God, and our duties and feelings towards men. In these two questions he would have every one take an active and intelligent interest. No one must be an indifferent spectator; we must all take our part and fight valiantly for the right in these two departments of human life; our duty to God, and our duty to our neighbour—this, in words which have been familiar to many of us from our childhood, summed up for him the whole purpose of man's life on earth. And for him the two spheres were not distinct; in fulfilling our duty to God we are really serving our neighbour; in our work for others we are obeying God's highest law.

From this thought sprang Dr. Arnold's idea of a Christian Church. To him it was not merely

"an institution for religious instruction and religious worship," but "a society for the purpose of making men like Christ—earth like Heaven—the kingdoms of the world the kingdom of Christ." If this was his view of the ideal Church, we can easily see how strongly he would feel any attempts to narrow down Christ's Church to any body of Christian people holding special doctrines and worshipping under special forms; still less could he bear with the ordinary way of speaking of "going into the Church," *i.e.*, taking orders as clergymen, as if the priesthood alone, the ordained ministers, represented Christ's Church on earth. He went so far as to dream of a time when every member of the commonwealth in a Christian country should be a living member of the Church, with a Christian sovereign having supreme authority over Church and State alike.

He made very little of the differences of opinion between the several bodies of Christians; the bond that united them all was the confession *that Jesus was the Son of God*. The aim was the same—in *divers manners*, under varying forms and creeds, to win souls for Christ. But while the difference between Christian and Christian was to him unessential, the difference between Christian and non-Christian was all important. He would have had no Jew admitted to Parliament; anyone actively opposed to Christianity was, in his eyes, unfit to take part in the legislature of a Christian country; and as he would have our Parliament closed

to anti-Christians, so would he support no scheme of national education which did not include Scripture examinations as an essential element. When he was appointed to the Senate of the new London University in 1835, he fought hard to carry this point; and when he was overruled, and the Scripture examination was made optional, and the University thus thrown open practically to unbelievers, he withdrew from the Senate, as feeling it inconsistent with his principles to remain a member of an educational body which did not openly enforce the teaching of the Christian religion as part of its system.

I might multiply instances of the way in which he carried out his principles in the course of his life, but enough has been said to show how much he laid himself open to attack on all hands by holding such opinions, and by practically carrying them out into action. All those who hold strongly to the conviction that ceremonies and doctrines are of Divine appointment, felt his teaching to be dangerous and subversive to true religion in this country; the Liberal party could not understand his action, *e.g.*, about the exclusion of Jews from Parliament or unbelievers from the London University. In fact, Dr. Arnold belonged to no one party in the State. He strove to give "undivided sympathy and service to no party, sect, society, or cause," save only "the one party and cause of all good men under their Divine Head." Hence it will easily be seen that the years of his life at Rugby, during

which he was teaching and controlling that great School, and at the same time writing in pamphlets, in prefaces and notes to books, in newspapers and magazines, his constant vehement protests against what he held to be the two great evils of superstition and unbelief, and also his demands for reform in many public matters, for more justice and sympathy from the upper classes to the lower, were no easy serene years of fruitful labour. He was in the heat of the conflict indeed. Misunderstood and even hated by many, opposition only made him write more strongly and clearly on the side which he held to be the right one; and gradually, as the years went on, the storm of opposition quieted down; he was more and more recognised as a strong true man, who, whatever his opinions, held them conscientiously, fearlessly, and in the sight of God; and whose influence, on the whole, would tend to the best good of his beloved fellow-countrymen.

We must not conceal the fact that the opposition he encountered, and especially the alienation from many old friends whose minds had developed on different lines, and who could no more understand his way of thinking than he could enter into theirs, was painful and harassing to him. Sympathy and true union with all good men were what he longed for; but his life was one of conflict, and the quiet serenity of Laleham was far in the past. Of the peace and refreshment he enjoyed in his own family, at his

loved home in the English lakes, and on his foreign tours, we shall have a word to say later on.

His interest in the social condition of the working classes was keen and vivid to the end. At times he was overwhelmed with fears that, "poor, miserable, and degraded in body and mind" as they were, unless public opinion was awakened, some great social convulsion would occur. In 1831 he set up a paper which should be decidedly Christian in tone, and which should "speak to the people the words of truth and soberness—to tell them plainly the evils that exist, and lead them, if he could, to their causes and remedies." This paper died a natural death after a few weeks; but he wrote many letters in two local papers after that time, which were published separately, and deal with the main causes of social distress in England. Some years later we find him trying to start a society to collect information about the condition of the working classes, which should open men's eyes to the true state of things, and show what need there was of reform in this direction. It is very striking, when we consider how absorbing his work as a schoolmaster was, to find that he was able to take so keen and practical an interest in so many other questions. But we have not come to the end of his labours.

Of Dr. Arnold's historical works I cannot speak with any authority, but the fact that he edited Thucydides with full notes and an introduction, and wrote three volumes of the History of Rome,

while already, as we should have supposed, fully occupied in many directions, is another illustration of his energy and industry. We have already seen something of his way of looking at history, his ardent interest in the past, and in the lessons which we may learn from it; and with an earnest desire to write the History of Rome from a Christian point of view, it was a real relief to him to go so far back into the past, and to lose the sense of the conflicts and controversies of the actual world around him. His love for naval and military affairs, and for geography in connection with history, we have already touched upon; and all these points are treated graphically and sympathetically in the three volumes which alone remain to us, the further progress of the work being cut short by his sudden death in 1842.

One more subject of absorbing interest to Dr. Arnold must just be mentioned before concluding this brief account of his work outside the School. The interpretation and application of the Scriptures was to him a study of the deepest importance. We have referred in our account of his school-work to his method of studying and explaining the Bible; he *searched the Scriptures*, both to find in them the practical rule of life, and to elucidate by critical and historical inquiry some of the difficulties which, in common with all ancient writings, the books of the Bible must contain. This study was conducted in a reverent and devout spirit; Dr. Arnold recognised

clearly the human element in the Bible, the imperfect instruments through whom God has transmitted His revelation of Himself to man ; but he also acknowledged most fully the Divine spirit which breathes through its pages ; and it was to the Bible, read by the light of man's reason, that he went back for all God's teaching to us. The more we study the Scriptures, he held, the more we learn of the eternal principles on which God deals with us, and the brighter light we gain on the problems and difficulties of our own times. One of the great works which Dr. Arnold had in contemplation for his later years was a Commentary on the Scriptures, which should embody his principles of how the Bible should be studied ; but this, alas ! like his further volumes on the History of Rome, and his other great work on Church and State, was cut short by his unexpected death. He left some writings on the Right Interpretation of the Scriptures and on Prophecy, which show what his teaching was, and no doubt did much to open the way for other devout historical students of God's Holy Word.

And here I must conclude my short summary of Dr. Arnold's work and teaching in other fields besides that of education. The record is amazing when read beside the account of his daily labours at Rugby, and when we remember that he only lived to the age of forty-seven. I can but go back to what I said at the beginning, of the message that seems to come to us all from him who *being dead yet speaketh—to work*

while it is called to-day ; to fulfil our daily tasks to the uttermost ; to be untiring, earnest, zealous, as he was ; that when the Master is come, and calleth for us, we may hear, as he has done, the glad words Well done, good and faithful servant ; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

CHAPTER X.

REST AND REFRESHMENT.

"Servants of God ! or sons
Shall I not call you ? because
Not as servants ye knew
Your Father's innermost mind."

RUGBY CHAPEL.

IT is pleasant to turn from the record of work and conflict, from the strong stern warrior side of Dr. Arnold's character, to the thought of the home-life and its refreshments, without a knowledge of which we should have but an imperfect picture, after all, of the subject of our memoir. If in the school-life and the outside world there were trials and difficulties, as there must be in every strenuous earnest life, in the home-circle all was peace and happiness. With his beloved wife, and the nine children who gradually grew up around him, and opened fresh channels for love and interest, Dr. Arnold showed all the tender gentleness

and playfulness which were almost hidden from the outside world. That home has been described by a great man who visited it in the last year of Dr. Arnold's life as "a temple of industrious peace;" and every remembrance of it is full of charm to those whose constant abode it was, and to the many who were privileged to share its hospitality for longer or shorter periods in the course of the year.

We have seen from some extracts from letters in an earlier chapter that Rugby itself came to have very tender associations for Dr. Arnold; this could not fail to be the case, considering it was the scene of so much interesting work, and the family home for fourteen years; but the uninteresting nature of the scenery, to one so alive to beauty as he was, was a constant regret to him. In August, 1833, he writes of Warwickshire as having "no hills, either blue or brown, no heath, no woods, no clear streams, no wide plains for lights and shades to play over—nay, no banks for flowers to grow upon—but one monotonous undulation of green fields and hedges, and very fat cattle."

It was partly this want of beauty in the country surrounding Rugby, and partly his growing desire for some place of refreshment away from the turmoil and continuous work which made up so much of his life that induced him to settle on a spot in the English Lakes close to Ambleside, where he built a house and to which he used joyfully to migrate with his

family as soon as the school-term was over at Rugby. This sweet home of rest and refreshment, associated as it became for him with his times of leisure and domestic happiness, and surrounded as it was by some of our most romantic scenery, continued to be for Dr. Arnold an increasing joy and delight ; and he looked forward to the time when he might abandon his arduous labours at Rugby, and settle down at Fox How as the permanent home for the rest of his days, where he might in peace and quietness carry out those literary works which he had planned for the occupation of his later years.

Some extracts from his letters from and about Fox How will show how near it was to his heart. He writes: "Nowhere on earth have I ever seen a spot of more perfect and enjoyable beauty, with not a single object out of tune with it, look which way I will. . . ." In April, 1832: "I could still rave about Rydal ; it was a period of five weeks of almost awful happiness, absolutely without a cloud ; and we all enjoyed it, I think, equally—mother, father, and fry. We are thinking of buying or renting a place at Grasmere or Rydal, to spend our holidays at constantly ; for not only are the Wordsworths" (the poet and his sister, who were living in that neighbourhood) "a very great attraction, but, as I had the chapel at Rydal all the time of our last visit, I got acquainted with the poorer people besides, and you cannot tell what a

home-like feeling all of us entertain towards the valley of the Rotha."

This allusion to his poorer neighbours reminds us of what has been already referred to—his love for, and sense of the importance of intercourse with, the poor. We have seen how little time he could have in his ordinary life for much of this intercourse, but he seized the opportunity whenever it arose, even at Rugby, and more often in Westmoreland; and the friendliness and kindness which he showed to those whom he thus visited endeared him to their hearts, and they felt a personal share in the sorrow that was felt throughout England after his death.

In FEBRUARY, 1833, he writes:—"As for my coming down into Westmoreland, I may almost say that it is to satisfy a physical want in my nature which craves after the enjoyment of Nature, and for nine months in the year can find nothing to satisfy it. I agree with old Keble, that one does not need mountains and lakes for this; the Thames at Laleham, Bagley Wood and Shotover at Oxford, were quite enough for it. I only know of five counties in England which cannot supply it; and I am unluckily perched down in one of them. . . . We have no hills—no plains—not a single wood, and but one single copse; no heath—no down—no rock—no river—no clear stream—scarcely any flowers. . . . Nothing but one endless monotony of inclosed fields and hedge-row trees. This is to me a daily privation

. . . and as I grow older I begin to feel it. My constitution is sound, but not strong; and I feel any little pressure and annoyance more than I used to do; and the positive dulness of the country about Rugby makes it to me a mere working place; I cannot expatiate there, even in my walks. So, in the holidays, I have an absolute craving for the enjoyment of Nature; and this country suits me better than anything else, because we can all be together, because we can enjoy the society, and because I can do something in the way of work besides."

JUNE, 1833.—"Our Westmoreland house is rising from its foundations; . . . it looks right into the bosom of Fairfield, a noble mountain which sends down two long arms into the valley, and keeps the clouds reposing between them, while he looks down on them composedly with his quiet brow; and the Rotha winds round our fields, just under the house."

FEBRUARY, 1834.—"Body and mind alike seem to repose greedily in delicious quiet without dulness, which we enjoy in Westmoreland."

"Our residence in Westmoreland attaches us all to it more and more; the refreshment which it affords me is wonderful; and it is especially so in the winter, when the country is quieter, and actually, as I think, more beautiful than in summer. I was often reminded, as I used to come home to Grasmere of an evening, and seemed to be quite shut in by the surrounding mountains, of the comparison of

the hills standing about Jerusalem, with God standing about His people. The impression which the mountains gave me was never one of bleakness or wildness, but of a sort of paternal shelter and protection to the valley; and in those violent storms which were so frequent this winter, our house lay snug beneath its cliff, and felt comparatively nothing of the wind. We had no snow in the valleys, but frequently a thick powdering on the higher mountains, while all below was green and warm."

JUNE, 1834.—"I find Westmoreland very convenient in giving me an opportunity of having some of the Sixth Form with me in the holidays; not to read, of course, but to refresh their health when they get knocked up by the work, and to show them mountains and dales—a great point in education, and a great desideratum to those who only know the central or southern counties of England."

RUGBY, APRIL, 1835.—"You may imagine that we often think of Fox How; and I sighed to see the wood anemones on the rock when on Tuesday I went with all the children, except Fan, to the only place within four miles of us where there is a little copse and wood flowers."

SEPTEMBER, 1836.—"I sometimes look at the mountains which bound our valley, and think how content I could be never to wander beyond them any more, and to take rest in a place which I love so dearly. But whilst my health is so entire, and I

feel my spirits still so youthful, I feel ashamed of the wish, and I trust that I can sincerely rejoice in being engaged in so active a life, and in having such constant intercourse with others."

The mountains were to him a "mighty influence," and the way in which they girdled round the valley of his home was to him "as apt an image as any earthly thing can be of the encircling of the *everlasting arms*, keeping off evil and showering all good."

In November, 1836, we find him craving after peace more and more, and looking forward with some yearnings to Fox How; and though he acknowledged it was but an ostrich-like feeling, yet it seemed as if he could "fancy things to be more peaceful when he was out of the turmoil down in Westmoreland." And it is pleasant to read that the six weeks' holiday which came in due course was a time "of the greatest peace and happiness which it is possible for any one to enjoy." And once more, in August, 1840, after returning from a visit to Italy, and speaking of the great beauty of that country, he adds, "But when we returned to Fox How, I thought that no scene on this earth could ever be to me so beautiful. I mean, that so great was its actual natural beauty that no possible excess of beauty in any other scene could balance the deep charm of home which in Fox How breathes through everything. But the actual and real beauty of Fox How

is, in my judgment, worthy to be put in comparison with anything as a place for human dwelling."

One of Dr. Arnold's children, in some Recollections of her father written soon after his death, speaks of him at "his beloved Fox How, where he found his greatest earthly happiness, and the repose so necessary to him after the incessant labours of the half-year. His repose, indeed, would have seemed to many only a continuance of work, for he generally wrote his Roman History from ten in the morning till two or three o'clock, and again in the evening; but he found it only a refreshment to be able to write without interruption, which he could never do at Rugby. And then came the afternoon walk with his children on Loughrigg or some of the near mountains, when his step was lightest of the light, and his eye always on the alert for flowers to be carried home to mamma."

One last extract must be given to complete the picture of the life at Fox How; it was written by Mrs. Stanley, the mother of his gifted pupil and biographer, after a visit to the mountain home two years after the husband and father had left it for ever:—

AUGUST 1, 1844.—"In spite of clouds, mist, and rain, as we wound up to the house, the beauty surpassed my expectations. It is indeed a very 'mountain nest.' . . . I never saw so striking an instance of the living presence and influence carried on—of the father being still amongst them. The five sons are all at

home—fine intelligent tall young men ; their manner to their mother is beautiful. . . .”

AUGUST 3.—“ A glorious day ! One detachment started for Langdale Pikes. I determined that I would do nothing till I had been up Loughrigg, and I went with Jane Arnold and the two youngest girls, through a rocky copse, part of the way, which opens on the mountain ridge—the children scampering about like mountain goats, to look for their favourite flowers in their favourite places, familiar with the time when every flower might be expected to come out ; and so, with the whole range of mountains in sight, talking of each as of individual friends—one preferring this, another that. It was quite the living illustration of their father's walks with them, the buoyancy and life of the whole family is so great. I sat down on the point commanding the Langdale Pikes, the two lakes, and the three roads which Dr. Arnold used to call ‘ Old Corruption,’ ‘ Bit-by-bit Reform,’ and ‘ Radical Reform ’—the last a perfectly good straight road, the first a picturesque irregular grassy path. ‘ Oh ! ’ cried the children, ‘ we like “ Old Corruption ” so much the best ! ’ On they went, dancing and singing before us—one having a little basket of gooseberries she had brought in case we were hot. We descended upon Rydal, and came home through the valley by the rapid Rotha. . . Mrs. Arnold forgets herself entirely in her children's enjoyment ; yet now and then she puts her hand before her eyes, as if a sudden pang shot through.”

I have purposely lingered over the recollections of the sweet Westmoreland home, because it was the scene of so much peaceful happiness, and gave large opportunity for that close and delightful family intercourse which was the greatest joy of Dr. Arnold's life ; but any account of his times of recreation would be incomplete without some mention of his foreign travels, and I should like to give a few extracts from the copious journals which he wrote during his journeys abroad for the benefit of his wife and children if they were not with him. Those journeys to Italy and France and Switzerland were a great refreshment and interest to him ; and with his keen historical knowledge, and love for geography and natural beauty, a visit to Rome or Genoa, to the Swiss Lakes, or to the French shores of the Mediterranean, was very delightful. His journals are very characteristic of himself and his varied tastes and interests. They contain comments on the social condition of the countries through which he is passing, descriptions of the scenery, and historical recollections ; they are interspersed with reflections on life, and its duties and problems, suggested perhaps by the scenes around him ; and are all written with a freshness and vitality which give us new insight into his mind, and character. In July, 1825, when on a tour in the North of Italy, he writes :—

“ There are more ruins here than I expected—ruined towers, I mean, of modern date, which are

frequent in the towns and villages. The countenances of the people are fine, but we see no gentlemen anywhere, or else the distinction of ranks is lost altogether, except with the Court and the high nobility. In the valley of Aosta, through which we were travelling all yesterday, the whole land, I hear, is possessed by the peasants, and there are no great proprietors at all. I am quite satisfied that there is a good in this, as well as an evil, and that our state of society is not so immensely superior as we flatter ourselves. I know that our higher classes are immensely superior to any one here ; but I doubt whether our system produces a greater amount of happiness, or saves more misery than theirs ; and I cannot help thinking that, if their dreadful superstition were exchanged for the Gospel, their division of society would more tend to the general good, than ours."—We must not forget, in reading this passage, that it was written more than sixty years ago ; one cannot but hope that the relations between the classes in England have improved since that date, and that Dr. Arnold would be the first to rejoice, if he could revisit his beloved land, at the increase of cordiality and intelligent sympathy shown by what are known as the leisured classes to the working people ; but there is, no doubt, very much still to be done in this direction. The journal goes on : " Their superstition is indeed most shocking, and yet with some points in which we should do well to imitate

them. I like the simple crosses and oratories by the road-side, and the texts of Scripture which one often sees quoted upon them ; but they are profaned by such a predominance of idolatry to the Virgin, and of falsehood and folly about the Saints, that no man can tell what portion of the Water of Life is still retained for those who drink it so corrupted. I want more than ever to see and talk with some of their priests, who are both honest and sensible, if, indeed, any man can be so and yet belong to a system so horrible." The following passage describes one of the lovely scenes on the Italian lakes ; it is written on the same tour in 1825 :—

"On the cliff above the Lake of Como. We are on a mule-track that goes from Como along the eastern shore of the lake ; and as the mountains go sheer down into the water, the mule-track is obliged to be cut out of their sides, like a terrace, half-way between their summits and their feet. They are covered with wood, all chestnut, from top to bottom, except where patches have been found level enough for houses to stand on, and vines to grow ; but just where we are it is quite lonely ; I look up to the blue sky, and down to the blue lake—the one just above me, and the other just below me—and see both through the thick branches of the chestnuts. Seventeen or eighteen vessels, with their white sails, are enlivening the lake, and about half a mile on my right the rock is too steep for anything to grow on it,

and goes down a bare cliff. A little beyond I see some terraces and vines, and bright white houses; and farther still, there is a little low point, running out into the lake, which just affords room for a village, close on the water's edge, and a white church-tower rising in the midst of it. The opposite shore is just the same, villages and mountains, and trees and vines, all one perfect loveliness. I have found plenty of the red cyclamen, whose perfume is exquisite."

From France he writes, April, 1827 :—

"Again I have been struck with the total absence of all gentlemen, and of all persons of the education and feelings of gentlemen. I am afraid that the bulk of the people are sadly ignorant and unprincipled, and their liberty and equality are but evils. A little less aristocracy in our country, and a little more here, would seem a desirable improvement; there seem great elements of good amongst the people here,—great courtesy and kindness, with all their cheating and unreasonableness. May He, Who only can, turn the hearts of this people, and of all other people, to the knowledge and love of Himself in His Son, in Whom there is neither Englishman nor Frenchman, any more than Jew or Greek, but Christ is all and in all! And may He keep alive in me the spirit of charity, to judge favourably and feel kindly towards those amongst whom I am travelling, inasmuch as Christ died for them as well as for us, and they too call themselves after His Name."

His visits to Rome were of absorbing interest to him. He writes in April, 1827, after his first sight of the remains of ancient Rome :—

“Never shall I forget the view ; we looked down on the Forum, and just opposite were the Palatine and the Aventine, with the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars on the one, and houses intermixed with gardens on the other. The mass of the Colosseum rose beyond the Forum, and beyond all, the wide plain of the Campagna to the sea. On the left rose the Alban hills, bright in the setting sun, which played full upon Frascati and Albano, and the trees which edge the lake ; and farther away in the distance it lit up the old town of Lavicum. Then we descended into the Forum, the light fast fading away and throwing a kindred soberness over the scene of ruin. The soil has risen, from rubbish, at least fifteen feet, so that no wonder that the hills look lower than they used to do, having been never very considerable at the first. There it was,—one scene of desolation, from the massy foundation-stones of the Capitoline Temple, which were laid by Tarquinius the Proud, to a single pillar erected in honour of Phocas, the Eastern Emperor, in the fifth century. . . .

“Such was my first day in Rome ; and if I were to leave it to-morrow, I should think that one day was well worth the journey. But you cannot tell how poor all the objects of the North of Italy seem in

comparison with what I find here ; I do not mean as to scenery or actual beauty, but in interest. When I leave Rome, I could willingly sleep all the way to Laleham, that so I might bring home my recollection of this place 'unmixed with baser matter.'"

GENOA, JULY 29, 1829.—"Once again I am on the shore of the Mediterranean. I saw it only from a distance when I was last in Italy, but now I am once more on its very edge, and have been on it and in it. True it is, that the Mediterranean is no more than a vast mass of salt water, if people choose to think it so ; but it is also the most magnificent thing in the world, if you choose to think it so ; and it is as truly the latter as it is the former. And as the pococurante [indifferent] temper is not the happiest, and that which can admire heartily is much more akin to that which can love heartily . . . so, my children, I wish that if ever you come to Genoa, you may think the Mediterranean to be more than any common sea, and may be unable to look upon it without a deep stirring of delight."

On the Lake of Como, August 3, 1829.

"I fancy how delightful it would be to bring one's family and live here ; but then, happily, I think and feel how little such voluptuous enjoyment would repay for abandoning the line of usefulness and activity which I have in England, and how the feeling myself helpless and useless, living merely to look about me, and training up my children in the

same way, would soon make all this beauty pall, and appear even wearisome. But to see it as we are now doing, in our moments of recreation, to strengthen us for work to come, and to gild with beautiful recollections our daily life of home duties,—this, indeed, is delightful, and is a pleasure which I think we may enjoy without restraint.” This last extract is very characteristic of Dr. Arnold’s feeling about all his foreign journeys ; but interesting and valuable as he felt such travels to be, his love for England was only strengthened by what he saw abroad ; and at the end of his tours he ever returned with fresh love and delight to the home, the dear ones, the work and interests of his English life.

CHAPTER XI.

FATHER AND CHILDREN.

“If in the paths of the world
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing—to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm.”

RUGBY CHAPEL.

THE thought of Dr. Arnold’s family circle at Rugby brings to one’s mind the words, *The voice of joy and health is in the dwellings of the righteous*—all was so true, so healthy, so invigorating, in the atmosphere of

that home. One of his children, writing about her father, says: "It was natural enough that his pupils should see the serious earnest stern side of his character. Those who knew him in his home and family life knew what the other side of his character was—the tender joyous playfulness with his children, the deep affection and devotion which marked his whole life as a son and brother, husband and father." He took the keenest interest in the development of his children's character, and in the progress of their education; and though it was of course impossible for him to find time for much personal instruction, yet he taught them himself whenever he was able, and was always ready and eager to answer their questions, and to develop their minds, and awaken their interest in many directions. He was the loving friend and companion of his children, as well as their wise and protecting father, whose will was law, and whose every word was implicitly obeyed.

In the Recollections from which I have before quoted, his daughter writes: "What a happy sound it was to his children when he came into the school-room and proclaimed a long walk! Throwing off all thought of his many cares, he seemed for the time to be as unburdened and as full of playful spirits as the youngest of his children. His love for flowers made him the leader in every search for them—scrambling and hunting with us in hedges and ditches, and gathering for us the treasures which his quick eye was

generally the first to discover. . . Sometimes he would read aloud to us after dinner, and I think Herodotus was his favourite book on these occasions. At one time he translated a great deal of this to us, giving us a most spirited and idiomatic version of the stories, which I am sure none of the party enjoyed more heartily than he did ; but he had not often time for reading aloud. . .

“His birthday, June 13th, was generally celebrated by a family tea or dinner in the garden. On the last of these occasions the dinner had been laid on the lawn in the kitchen garden. That dear kitchen garden! how fond he was of it, and how he enjoyed sauntering about there with mamma on a summer’s evening, or sitting at the upper end of it, near the double furze, and opposite to the two elm-trees in the School-field, whose branches formed his favourite arch! Sometimes he liked to sit there quite quietly with mamma ; but sometimes he would watch the young ones as they played on the lawn, or join in their game of cricket ; and now and then, on a fine Sunday evening, he heard us our Bible lesson there.”

Dr. Arnold himself writes in 1835 of a fortnight’s holiday which, contrary to custom, they had spent at Rugby:—“I had divers happy little matches at cricket with my own boys in the School-field—on the very cricket-ground of the ‘eleven,’ that is, of the best players in the School, on which, when the School is assembled, no profane person may encroach.”

One more serious incident may be quoted from the same Recollections, to show the depth and tenderness of Dr. Arnold's relations with his children:—"On one occasion one of his daughters, when visiting, was taken into the room where a corpse was laid out. It was the first time she had seen death, except in an infant, and she was very much shocked and overcome by the sight. When her father heard it, he talked to her and comforted her for a long time; at last he got a Bible and pointed out these words in St. John—*Simon Peter went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie, and the napkin, that was about His head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself.* She did not understand at first how he meant to apply the passage, and looked to him for an explanation; and then he said that it seemed to him as if nothing was so well able to comfort and encourage us amid our natural shrinking from the gloomy accompaniments of the death of our body, as the remembrance that these had been about our Lord Himself—that the grave, the grave-clothes, and all the outward ghastliness of death surrounded Him, too, Who died for us once, and is now alive for evermore. The tears were in his eyes, and his daughter can never forget his deeply-moved and earnest manner as he said this, standing before the fire in the study at Rugby, and resting his arm on her shoulder."

One extract from his journal, addressed to his wife, gives us a glimpse into the sacred happiness of

their life together ; it is dated August 11th, 1830, and begins a new volume of the journal :—

“ My dearest M——, this book ought surely to begin with good omens, as it begins on our wedding-day. How much of happiness and of cause for the deepest thankfulness is contained in the recollections of this day! for in the ten years that have elapsed since our marriage, there has been condensed, I suppose, as great a portion of happiness, with as little alloy, as ever marked any ten years of human existence. It is impossible to look back, and to look forwards, without some feelings of awe and apprehension ; for the future cannot be more full of earthly happiness than the past ; and in all human probability must, in one way or another, be less so. Perhaps it is best that it should be ; for one cannot help feeling the enormous disproportion between desert and blessing ; and though this is not a true feeling, for desert has nothing to do with it, yet the unfitness for blessings is a real and just consideration ; a sickly state cannot bear such delicious fare ; a constitution that has so much to struggle with should be braced with a harder discipline for the conflict. And yet how vain would any such consideration be to alleviate the actual misery of a change! Then nothing could, I think, tend so much to support me as the simple consideration of Christ's example. He pleased not Himself, nor entered into His rest till He had gone through the worst extremity of evil,

Perhaps, however, the best way of taking such anniversaries as this is, not by speculating on the future, or on how we could bear a change, but by remembering *now*, in our season of happiness, that it is but an earnest of more, if we receive it with true thankfulness; and that, let come what will, all will work to good if while it is day we labour to work the work that is set before us. May I remember this! and remember, too, that God's work is to believe on Him whom He hath sent; that is, not only to do my earthly business honestly and zealously, but to do it as a Christian, humbly and piously, not trusting in any degree in myself, but labouring for that strength which is made most perfect in him who feels his own weakness. God bless us both, my dearest M——, and our dearest children, through Christ Jesus."

CHAPTER XII.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

"To thee it was given
Many to save with thyself,
And at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd! to come
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand."

RUGBY CHAPEL.

THE story of Dr. Arnold's life is almost ended; the brave warrior is to lay down his arms, the busy pen will write no more, the deep ringing voice will be

heard no longer from the Chapel pulpit, in the Great Hall, or the Library Tower. His work is to meet with what appears to us an abrupt conclusion, on that summer morning when he "arose to tread the road of death, at a call unforeseen, sudden." But if to us the blow seems to be unexpected and startling—if the work seems to be left in mid-career, and the vigorous life cut short, when we might have hoped for twenty or thirty years more of its wise, and strong, and beneficent influence, surely if we look more deeply, we shall find it is not as we think. *He rests from his labours, and his works do follow him.* That which his Master gave him to do, he fulfilled to the uttermost; there is no incompleteness here. Souls inspired and saved, the whole tone of our great Public Schools throughout the country raised and ennobled, large views of God and duty, of the Christian life and Church, awakening men's hearts and minds to the greatness and sacredness of life—this and much more we owe to the great strong true man whose work and life have been the subject of the foregoing pages.

Vigorous and full of vitality as he was, the thought of death was one very constantly present to him, and never more so than in the last months of his earthly career. The year 1842 was one of peculiar interest to him. In the preceding autumn he had been appointed Professor of Modern History to the University of Oxford, a post which had great attractions for him in many ways. He had, as we

have seen, a very deep and true attachment to Oxford—from its natural beauty, its historical associations, his remembrance of his own happy career at the University, and his feeling of its importance as being a great and ancient seat of Christian learning and education. But through his Rugby life Dr. Arnold had suffered much in connection with Oxford from causes upon which we have had no space to enlarge. A party had arisen in the Church, to which many of the holiest and wisest men of that time had attached themselves, and whose teaching had differed absolutely from what Dr. Arnold held to be right and true. This party had its stronghold at Oxford, and some of his most vehement opponents belonged to it; and he had believed it to be his duty to write very strongly against what he held to be the errors and dangers of this Oxford School. It was not that his love for the place had ever diminished, but that he felt that its influence and teaching during the years 1830—1840 were dangerous to the highest interests of the Christian Church. His own teaching, on the other hand, had been held in equal dislike and dread by the Oxford party, and it had not, therefore, seemed at all likely that he would be offered an appointment which would link him so closely with the University life as the Professorship of Modern History.

Dr. Arnold accepted the post with eagerness; in every way it was in accordance with his wishes and hopes. The emolument, though not large, would be of importance to him when he should

have left Rugby, as he proposed doing before long, and have settled himself at Fox How with private pupils, and with a view of devoting himself to his literary work. He gladly hailed the opportunity of revisiting Oxford, of being connected closely with its educational work, and especially in a field so interesting to him as that of Modern History. His duties as Professor would only involve one course of eight Lectures in the year, with perhaps a single Lecture at other times. His Inaugural Lecture was delivered on the 2nd of December, 1841, and was an occasion of the deepest interest in Oxford. The following account of the scene is from the pen of his beloved pupil, A. P. Stanley :—

“MONDAY, DECEMBER 2.—At one o'clock, with Greenhill, Lake, Clough, Matt and me, the Professor and Mrs. Arnold and Jane went down to the schools. Whatever fear there might have been entertained of the Lecture being held in the Clarendon vanished at once. From every quarter streamed in Doctors, Masters, Bachelors, and Undergraduates ; and as soon as the doors of the Theatre were thrown open, the whole of the area and the whole of the lower gallery were entirely filled. There was a delay of more than half an hour from a mistake of the Vice-Chancellor ; but at last he entered, with the Regius Professor, who, distinguished from the rest by his scarlet robes, took his place under the English rostrum, amidst a burst of general applause. I think I never shall forget the

moment when the Inaugural Lecture began—when in that great building, once more in the relation of a pupil to a teacher, I heard that well-known voice addressing a larger audience than had probably ever listened to a Professor's lecture in Oxford since the Middle Ages. Throughout the hour during which it lasted, the attention never flagged; and it ended, as it had begun, in general applause. It was a most striking and touching scene, and, I hope, may be taken as the beginning of a new sphere of happiness and usefulness for him, and of a new influence at work upon the University for the greater advance both of Truth and Love."

We must not linger over any detailed account of the three weeks which Dr. Arnold spent at Oxford with his whole family early in 1842, during which time he was delivering his first, and what proved to be his only, Course of Lectures from his Professorial Chair. It was a time of great interest and happiness to himself, as well as to others. His enjoyment was very great in renewing his acquaintance with all his old haunts, and introducing them to his children. Many old friends were still at Oxford, with whom he was delighted to revive his former intercourse; and there was a devoted band of his old pupils now resident at the University, to whom his presence there was as great a delight as it was to him to have them once more at his side. The Lectures were striking, and full of the keenest interest, and were thronged throughout

by an eager audience far exceeding in numbers the usual attendance at the most popular Lectures.

But from these interesting scenes we must turn to the ordinary life and work at Rugby, which was to go on its usual course to the very end, with no apparent sign of the change that was now approaching so rapidly. There seems, perhaps, a peculiar fitness in this fact to the life and character we are considering. Radiant, vigorous, eager, energetic, as Dr. Arnold was, he was allowed to work to the last with unimpaired strength and energy, and then to pass straight, as his son reminds us in the beautiful poem from which the headings of my chapters have been taken, to his new sphere of activity "in the sounding labour-house vast of being," in that other world which was so real and near to him all through his life. We cannot but think that it would have been a grievous trial to him to have had to pass through any long period of inaction and illness before the end; and such a waiting-time was less needed by him than by most men. All his life was a preparation for the summons; and the solemn thought of the uncertainty of life was, as I have said, specially present with him in the last months; and those who were with him could recall many little traits of even increased gentleness and tenderness at that time. Only about three weeks before his death, when he was confined to his room by a slight attack of illness, he called his wife to his bedside, and told her how within the last few days he

seemed to have "felt quite a rush of love in his heart towards God and Christ," and how he hoped that "all this might make him more gentle and tender," and that he might not soon lose the impression thus made upon him, adding that, as a help to keeping it alive, he intended to write something in the evening before he retired to rest.

Very touching and beautiful are the extracts from this secret diary, where this "faithful soldier and servant of Christ Jesus" opened his heart to his Father in heaven. One feels almost as if it were an intrusion into a holy place to write them down; and yet one may be very sure that he would have only rejoiced that his words should come as a message from beyond the veil to those who are still in the heat of the conflict:—"Tuesday evening, May 24. —Two days have passed, and I am mercifully restored to my health and strength. To-morrow I hope to be able to resume my usual duties. Now, then, is the dangerous moment. . . . O gracious Father, keep me now through Thy Holy Spirit; keep my heart soft and tender now in health, and amidst the bustle of the world; keep the thought of Thyself present to me as my Father in Jesus Christ; and keep alive in me a spirit of love and meekness to all men, that I may be at once gentle and active and firm. Oh! strengthen me to bear pain, or sickness, or danger, or whatever Thou shalt be pleased to lay upon me as Christ's soldier and

servant ; and let my faith overcome the world daily. Strengthen my faith, that I may realise to my mind the things eternal—death, and things after death, and Thyself. Oh ! save me from my sins, from myself, and from my spiritual enemy, and keep me ever Thine through Jesus Christ. Lord, hear my prayers also for my dearest wife, my dear children, my many and kind friends, my household—for all those committed to my care, and for us to whom they are committed. I pray also for our country, and for Thy Holy Church in all the world. Perfect and bless the work of Thy Spirit in the hearts of all Thy people, and may Thy Kingdom come, and Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven—I pray for this, and for all that Thou seest me to need, for Jesus Christ's sake."

I must not now quote further from the diary, but press forward to the last day of his life, Saturday, June 11 ; it was a day of more than usual occupation, as the end of the term had arrived, and many boys were leaving Rugby that day. Before breakfast he was examining boys ; then came much necessary business, including going the whole round of the School to distribute prizes, and say farewell to those boys who would not return to School after the holidays. In the afternoon his ordinary walk and bathe ; dinner followed, with eager talk to his several guests ; and in the evening a stroll and earnest conversation with a former pupil ; at nine o'clock a

supper with the Sixth-Form boys of his own house ; and before retiring to rest he made his last entry in the diary :—

“Saturday evening, June 11th.—The day after to-morrow is my birthday, if I am permitted to live to see it—my forty-seventh birthday since my birth. How large a portion of my life on earth is already passed ! And then—what is to follow this life ? How visibly my outward work seems contracting and softening away into the gentler employments of old age ! In one sense, how nearly can I now say ‘Vixi’ ! And I thank God that, as far as ambition is concerned, it is, I trust, fully mortified. I have no desire other than to step back from my present place in the world, and not to rise to a higher. Still, there are works which, with God’s permission, I would do before the night cometh ; especially that great work, if I might be permitted to take part in it. But, above all, let me mind my own personal work—to keep myself pure, and zealous, and believing—labouring to do God’s will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others if God disapproves of my doing it.”

On Sunday morning he awoke between five and six o’clock in pain ; his wife was alarmed, and medical aid was sent for, but remedies were unavailing ; it was the Master’s call, to which he responded as promptly and cheerfully as he had to all other commands from that Voice. These last two

or three hours of his life he suffered severely ; but in the intervals of relief from pain he was quite calm and alert, and alive to his own danger. He was lying still, with his hands clasped, his lips moving, and his eyes raised upwards, as if in prayer, when all at once he repeated firmly and earnestly, *And Jesus said unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen, thou hast believed ; blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed.* And soon afterwards, very solemnly, *But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons.*

Another characteristic word he said to his second son, who came into the room :—" My son, thank God for me ; thank God, Tom, for giving me this pain. I have suffered so little pain in my life that I feel it is very good for me ; now God has given it to me, and I do so thank Him for it !" And again, " How thankful I am that my head is untouched !" His last conscious look was one of intense tenderness and love, with which he smiled upon his wife and son ; by eight o'clock the pain was over, and he had entered into rest.

I have little more to add to this brief memoir of a " World's Worker." He is gone out of our sight, into the larger world beyond. His name may be included in our prayer when " we bless God's holy Name for all His servants departed this life in His faith and fear ; " and in conclusion I will quote a few lines by one whose reverence and admiration for Dr. Arnold

found some expression in a sonnet written to his memory :—

“Yet may I hope that wheresoe'er he is
One ray may reach him from the humble heart
That thanks our God for all that he has been.
What he is now, we know not ; he will be
A beautiful likeness of the God that gave
Him work to do, which he did do so well.”

THE END.

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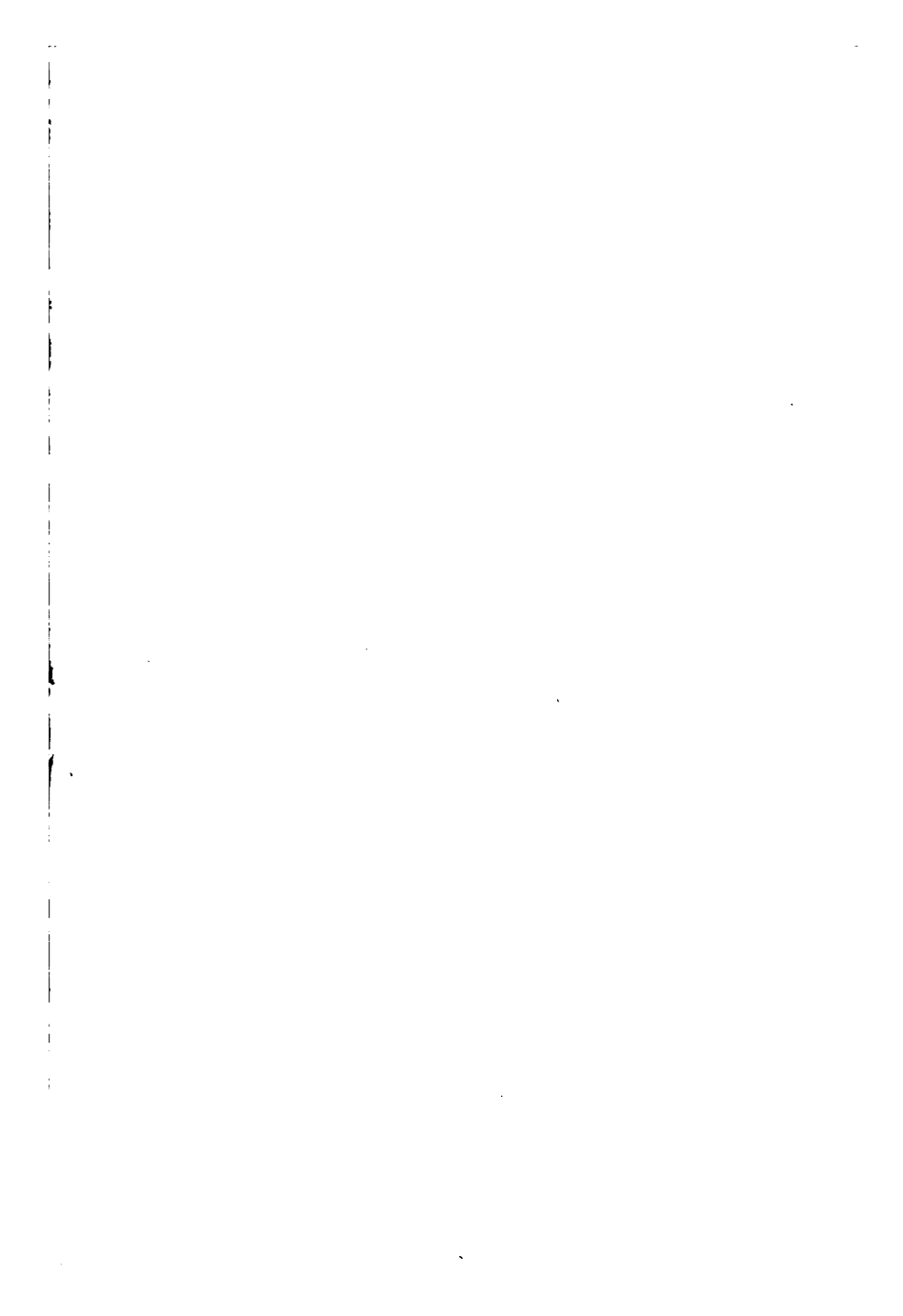
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